Cambria Freeman.

J. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"BE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME IX. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1875. NUMBER 13

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN!

Owing to the great scarcity of money and the long continued neglect of many of my customers to pay their indebtedness for the past year [illegible], I am compelled to adopt

ANOTHER SYSTEM

of [illegible] business. Very many of my customers have allowed their accounts to run [illegible] an unreasonable length of time to my great loss to me, without any benefit to themselves, has been the result. Hence [illegible] I find it

Impossible to Continue the Credit System

[illegible] the same time keep up my stock [illegible] meet my obligations promptly.

I am sincerely thankful for the liberal [illegible] that has been extended to me, and [illegible] earnestly ask one and all who are indebted to me, no matter how large or [illegible] small the amount, to call and settle, either by cash or note,

BEFORE THE 1ST DAY OF JANUARY, 1875,

as I need and must have money. Believing as I do from past experience (which I have [illegible] paid well for) that it will be better for [illegible] as well as for my customers to adopt the [illegible]-pay system,

I WILL NOT,

After the FIRST of JANUARY, 1875,

SELL ANY GOODS ON CREDIT.

I [illegible] fully convinced that in three cases out of [illegible] our persons buying goods never find it a [illegible] convenient time to pay than when they [illegible] make their purchases, and as an indulgement to my customers to buy for cash or [illegible] exchange for country produce, I will, after the above date,

KNOCK OFF ONE-HALF the PROFIT

[illegible] were realized in this place on goods of the same class.

Hoping that my old customers will take advantage at the new mode of doing business [illegible] I am about to adopt, but will continue to favor me with their patronage on a strictly cash basis, which they will be sure to find the very best for all concerned, I [illegible] myself to mark my goods down to the lowest cash rates.

ONE PRICE TO ALL!

COMPETITION DEFIED!

IN GOODS AS WELL AS PRICES.

George Huntley,

DEALER IN

Stoves, Hardware, Tinware, Groceries, Paints, Oils, &c., &c.,

EBENSBURG, PA.

P. S. Manufacturers and others who sometimes find it necessary to send orders for goods [illegible] their employees, can make special arrangements, with the understanding that their [illegible] will be paid in full at the end of each [illegible]

[Dec. 11, 1874.]

Wood, Morrell & Co.,

[illegible] WASHINGTON STREET,

[illegible] PENN'A R. R. DEPOT,

Johnstown, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

DRY GOODS

AND MILLINERY GOODS,

HARDWARE,

QUEENSWARE,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS,

IRON AND NAILS,

CARPETS AND OIL-CLOTHS,

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

GLASSWARE, YELLOW WARE,

WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,

PROVISIONS and FEED of all kind,

[illegible] with all manner of Western Produce, such as

[illegible]ON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, ETC.

[illegible]ecial and retail orders solicited and [illegible]lled on the shortest notice and most [illegible] terms.

NORTH WEST. EDWARD WEST.

[illegible], WEST & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

[illegible]ns and Brushes,

AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

[illegible]RAW, RAG & MANILLA PAPERS,

[illegible]N AND HEMP TWINES,

[illegible]acks, Crocers' Bags,

[illegible]ooden Ware,

TOBACCO, CIGARS, &c.

[illegible]21 SECOND AVENUE,

[illegible] SMITHFIELD AND WOOD STREETS,

PITTSBURGH, PA. [3m.]

[illegible] PLANING MILL.

[illegible]. SIMON,

MANUFACTURER OF

Weather-Boarding, Shutters,

[illegible]ORS, BRACKETS AND MOULDINGS.

[illegible] OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

[illegible]S and POSTS—Cedar and Locust.

[illegible]awing and Re-sawing done to order.

[illegible] ROBINSON AND ANDERSON STS.,

[illegible]ALLEGHENY CITY, PA. (21[illegible]m.)

[illegible]FOR SALE.

[illegible]ORM SPRING WAGONS,

PLAIN SPRING WAGONS,

FARM WAGONS,

Light Wagons, all kinds of Carts and [illegible]ws, manufactured and for sale cheap at

[illegible]SNE WAGON WORKS,

[illegible] street and Allegheny river, 2 squares [illegible]mion Bridge, Allegheny City, Pa. [illegible] promptly done.

C. COLEMAN & SON.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is widely known as one of the most effectual remedies ever discovered for cleansing the system and purifying the blood. It has stood the test of years, with a constantly growing reputation, based on its intrinsic virtues, and sustained by its remarkable cures. So mild as to be safe and beneficial to children, and yet so searching as to effectually purge out the great corruptions of the blood, such as the scrofulous and syphilitic contamination. Impurities, or diseases that have lurked in the system for years, soon yield to this powerful antidote, and disappear. Hence its wonderful cures, many of which are publicly known, of **Scrofula**, and all scrofulous diseases, **Ulcers, Eruptions**, and eruptive disorders of the skin, **Tumors, Blotches, Boils, Pimples, Pustules, Sores, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm**, and internal **Ulcerations of the Uterus, Stomach, and Liver.** It also cures other complaints, to which it would not seem especially adapted, such as **Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Fits, Neuralgia, Heart Disease, Female Weakness, Debility**, and **Leucorrhœa**, when they are manifestations of the scrofulous poisons.

It is an excellent restorer of health and strength in the Spring. By renewing the appetite and vigor of the digestive organs, it dissipates the depression and listless languor of the season. Even where no disorder appears, people feel better, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. The system moves on with renewed vigor and a new lease of life.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

GILES' LINIMENT

TRADE MARK

IODIDE OF AMMONIA

Cures Neuralgia, Face Ache, Rheumatism, Gout, Frosted Feet, Chilblains, Sore Throat, Erysipelas, Bruises or Wounds of every nature in man or animal. The remarkable cures this remedy has effected classes it as one of the most important and valuable remedies ever discovered for the cure and relief of pain. "The sinews of my left hand were contracted from an old abscess, drawing the fingers into the palm of the hand. I applied *Giles' Liniment Iodide of Ammonia*. It relaxed them so that I can straighten my fingers and use my hands." B. Mellen, 40 W. 13 St., N. Y.

For sale by J. P. THOMPSON, Ebensburg, Pa., and by all Druggists. Depot 451 6th Ave., N. Y.

SHARP'S RIFLE CO.,

Manufacturers of Patent Breech-loading, Military, Sporting and Creedmoor Rifles. **The Best in the World.** Winner at International and all other principal matches at Creedmoor. (See Official Record.)

Sporting Rifles, ... $30 to $38.
Creedmoor Rifles, with Elevations for 1300 yds, $90 and $125.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

ARMORY AND OFFICE, HARTFORD, CONN. E. G. WESCOTT, President.

N. F. BURNHAM'S TURBINE WATER WHEEL

Was selected, 4 years ago, and put to work in the U. S. Patent Office, D. C., and has **proved** to be the best. Nineteen sizes made. Prices lower than any other first-class wheel. 10 Pamphlet free.

N. F. BURNHAM, YORK, PA.

$75 A WEEK to Agents to sell an article *saleable as flour*. Profits immense. Package free. Address BICKEL & M'F'G Co., Marion, Ohio.

ADVERTISING: Cheap: Good: *Systematic.*—All persons who contemplate making contracts with newspapers for the insertion of advertisements, should send 25 cents to Geo. P. Rowell & Co., 41 Park Row, New York, for their PAMPHLET-BOOK (*ninety-seventh edition*), containing lists of over 2000 newspapers and estimates, showing the cost. Advertisements taken for leading papers in many States at a tremendous reduction from publishers' rates. GET THE BOOK.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Terms free. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

$77 A WEEK guaranteed to Male and Female Agents, in their own locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars Free. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Me.

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—Dr. C. W. Benson, a Practising Physician, at 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md., (who has paid much attention to nervous diseases,) has discovered that extract of celery and camomile combined in a certain proportion invariably cures headache, either bilious, dyspeptic, nervous or sick headache, neuralgia and nervousness. This is a triumph in medical chemistry, and sufferers all over the country are ordering by mail. He prepares it in pills, at 50 cents per box. The Doctor is largely known and highly respected in Baltimore.—*Epis'l Methodist.*

A Fortune for $1.00!

WYOMING MONTHLY

LOTTERY!

By authority of an act of the Legislature.

TICKETS $1 EACH, SIX FOR $5. 1 Chance in 9.

Fifth Extraordinary Drawing.

51,025 Cash Prizes, - $350,000
Capital Prize, - - - $100,000

Judge Haskell, President of the Senate, presided over the last drawing.

Agents Wanted. Liberal pay. For full particulars send for circulars. Address the Manager,

J. M. PAIGE, Laramie City, Wyoming.

N. B. Laramie City is on the Union Pacific Railroad, between Chicago and Ogden. (4-2.-1m.)

$5 CASH and the N. Y. Saturday Journal, the Great Literary Weekly of America, for one year for the **Regular Subscription Price, $3.** *Postage Paid.* **VIZ:** Names entered impartially as received, and **Five Dollars Cash** sent at once to every fifth subscriber. Clubs of five (at $3 each) *may retain the $5!* This is *our* "chromo"—a Cash premium of $5 to every fifth subscriber! The firm name is a sufficient guaranty of fairness and fulfillment. Send money order or registered letter to BEADLE & ADAMS, Publishers, 98 William Street, New York.

NONPAREIL Skirt Supporter or Ladies' Garment Suspender, attached to one or half dozen Skirts in a moment, constructed upon physiological principles having for their aim health and comfort. Pat'd May 5, 1874. Samples by mail 50 cts. ELLIS M'F'G Co., Waltham, Mass. Agts Wanted.

UNDER THE DAISIES.

It is strange what a deal of trouble we take,
What a sacrifice most of us willingly make,
How the lips will smile though the heart may ache,
And we bend to the ways of the world for the sake
Of its poor and scanty praises.
And time runs on with such pitiless flow
That our lives are wasted before we know
What work to finish before we go
To our long rest under the daisies.

And too often we fall in a useless fight,
For wrong is so much in the place of right,
And the end is so far beyond our sight,
'Tis as when one starts on a chase by night,
An unknown shade pursuing.
Even so do we see, when our race is run,
That of all we have striven for little is won,
And of all the work our strength has done,
How little was worth the doing.

So most of us travel with very poor speed,
Failing in thought where we conquer in deed;
Least brave in the hour of greatest need,
And making a riddle that few may read,
Of our life's intricate mazes.
Such a labyrinth of right and wrong,
Is it strange that a heart once brave and strong
Should falter at last, and most earnestly long
For a calm sleep under the daisies?

But if one poor troubled heart can say,
"His kindness softened my life's rough way,"
And the tears fall over the lifeless clay,
We shall stand up in heaven in brighter array
Than if all earth rang with our praises;
For the good we have done shall never fade,
Though the work be wrought and wages paid
And the wearied frame of the laborer laid
All peacefully under the daisies.

THE MAIL CARRIER.

A Story of the Winter of 1864.

In a frontier town of Nebraska lived John Dalton. This name had fallen into such a state of neglect and non-use that it would scarcely have been recognized by the old associates of its lawful owner, and even to him, I doubt not, would have sounded strangely.

He was better known, particularly on the borders, as Captain Jack.

After his own simple fashion he was a character with a history. His title he won gallantly, and wore easily.

One day in the Rocky Mountains a small party of miners, surrounded by an overpowering number of Indians, retreated into a canon. For three days and nights, with little intermission, the combat continued. On the first day the leader of the gallant little band fell, and Dalton, then a youth, was selected, on account of his cool, determined bravery, to carry on the defence.

When relief came, he was found behind an extemporized barricade, at the entrance of the canon, his companions either dead or wounded, holding his post with a desperate courage which would have abated with death only.

His lines had not fallen in pleasant places. He had been a participant and leader in the wild scenes of adventure and danger which, like so many throes, attended the development of the great West. He had belonged to that hard class which forms the first line of the advance guard of civilization—those who go ahead and open the way, throw the first rude bridge across the mountain torrent, first penetrate into the wilds of the enemy, are the scouts and videttes, fall bravely and die in remote places, unknown and unnoticed. When the history of the conflicts is written, their names are not on the rolls of fame.

Firm, brave, honest and true, Dalton early acquired an ascendency over his companions. Quiet and unassuming, his words always carried weight. His life had been furrowed by hardship; his body bore the marks of many struggles, but his nature had escaped without a blemish. A nobler, kindlier heart never beat. As husband, father and friend, he had no superior.

At the time I presented him to the reader he was fully fifty years old, but still in his prime. Tall and swarthy, no flesh to spare, plenty of bone and muscle and awkwardness, his head covered with a shock of sandy hair, flecked with gray, his beard shaggy, his features angular. Held to the accepted standard of beauty, he had nothing to commend him unless we except his large blue eyes, as gentle in expression as those of a maiden, and beaming with good will to man.

Naturally methodical and fond of quiet, he sought a peaceful ending to a stormy career, and had, as he expressed it "settled down." With his small earnings he bought a cottage, and for an avocation carried the mail between two little towns in Nebraska, some fifteen miles apart.

The winter of 1864 is memorable for its severity. Accounts from all parts of the country added to the long lists of suffering and death. Many perished with cold at their very thresholds; in the thoroughfares of cities, where relief was on every side, strong men fell and were buried in the snow. A black year in the annals of the poor.

One morning of that year, the thermometer way down below zero, John Dalton, mounted on his faithful horse, received the mail. For five years, come and go, promptly to the minute, in good weather and bad, excepting only Sundays, and the day when his first born was buried in the churchyard, he had made his daily journey.

He took the old familiar road, passed by his humble home without appearing to notice it, and, as was his wont, stopped on the summit of a knoll commanding the east front of the cottage, and only a few yards from it, for what he called his "blessing." At the window stood his wife with an infant in her arms, the wee thing waving its hand and smiling. On either side were a little boy and girl, each mounted on a chair, the better to get a last look at the father who was so dear to them.

This was the good-bye that warmed the man's blood, made his lips quiver with a smile, and sent him on his way rejoicing.

The sun shone brightly, making the frost-covered prairie glisten; the sky was deep and blue.

Between its terminals, the road had two distinctive features, about five miles apart. One was a tall tree, known as the Lone tree, the other was called Bacon's Run, a ravine bordered by a thin growth of stunted timber. On the line of the road, or in proximity to it, there was no habitation or shelter for man or beast. The prairie was high and rolling.

The first part of the journey was made in the usual way. At half-past two o'clock in the afternoon, Dalton started on his return. He was not twenty yards away when he was overtaken by the postmaster, who charged him to be diligent in the delivery of a highly important letter, a caution which made potent the fact that the cautioner was a "new hand."

Had Dalton ever failed?

At this time a change had taken place in the weather. A thick haze overspread the sun, paling it to the hue of silver; the wind had shifted to the northeast. These signs had not escaped Dalton's notice. The mountaineer, like the sailor, soon learns that life itself often depends on the quick recognition of the friendly warnings which nature gives to the wayfarer. He scanned the narrowing horizon, and urged his horse to a brisk trot. He reached Bacon's Run, passed it, and mounted to the level of the prairie. From this point, on a clear day, the top of the Lone tree could be outlined; but now the clouds had become so heavy and lowering, and the haze had so thickened, that objects near at hand were indistinct. Melancholy, fitful gusts came pressing the traveler from all quarters, as if telling him to hasten. As he looked at the clouds his countenance wore an air of apprehension. He was not kept long in a state of expectancy.

A mote, pure and white, came fluttering down, buffeted by the wind, now here, now there, uncertain where to go. It finally sought refuge on Dalton's furred coat. Others soon followed with hesitation, now stopping and ascending, as though to return to the home whence they come, but finally descending, and seeking rest in obscure hiding places. These insignificant specks became larger, more numerous, bolder, took possession, and covered all things with a garment of white.

The situation was plain, a snow-storm on the prairie was at hand.

Brave men are keenly sensitive to the approach of a danger with which they resolutely meet.

Dalton thought of the comfortable little cottage by the road side, and the dear ones it contained. One night in the mountains he had battled against the snow, and out of ten companions he was the only survivor of that terrible experience.

The snow now raged with increasing power. The snow-flakes were blown about in blinding myriads. All traces of the road, at best never very clearly defined, were covered. The biting wintry blast went moaning by; night came prematurely in a wall of darkness; all was a wild waste for the sport of the elements.

Dalton, unable to see an inch ahead, or to form the remotest idea which direction to take, let the reins fall on the horse's neck, leaving him unrestrained to take his way—a cutting commentary on man's boasted reason pitted against an animal's instinct. But to guide aright in such a night would make instinct sublime.

The noble steed moved confidently on, plunging into the blackness and darkness—the lonely, desolate unknown. Suddenly he stopped, with an abruptness which nearly threw the rider, who, reaching, touched what seemed to be the trunk of a tree. Extending his hand higher, he grasped what was certainly the limb of a tree, and then all doubt disappeared.

He was at the Lone tree, only five miles from home and safety.

Here, indeed, was hope, but not unalloyed.

Two elements entered to vitiate. One, the horse seemed failing; the other, the tree was one hundred yards from the highway, a variation which showed that the faithful animal had so far erred, and hinted, why not a further variation in proportion as he lost strength and confidence.

The only solution was to move on. It might be at the bidding of chance; still, motion was absolutely essential to prevent the blood from congealing to the very heart. The rider found it necessary to make the horse feel the rein, to endeavor to impart confidence to him, and to urge him forward. The poor beast was readily obedient, and showed that, his own resources being exhausted, he relied on his master. The sympathy existing between them, the fellowship of peril, almost removed the barrier between the human and brute creation.

A long time elapsed—it seemed to Dalton many hours—but his only measure of time was his bodily and mental suffering. He endeavored to penetrate the darkness, and strained his eyes to a painful tension, in the hope of seeing some friendly light or hearing some human sound—something to tell him he was not all alone.

Fate was mocking him. The horse stood trembling with exhaustion, and could not go another step. He tottered and fell almost on his rider, who rising, and staggering about in the deep snow, struck heavily against an upright object.

Could it be the sign-board post which stood on the little knoll just east of his home.

Oh no! Horror more chilling than the wind and snow! It was the Lone Tree! All those terrible hours he had been moving in a circle!

All his brave struggle had been for nothing. Here was a crisis. One minute of indecision, and the paralyzing cold would conquer; but early training and a noble nature decided. Faithful to the last, Dalton quickly took the mail-bag from the saddle, nerved himself for the final effort, and then went floundering in the snow to reach—wherever his destiny should lead him.

Time wore on. Strength and will were ebbing fast. In desperation the unfortunate man endeavored to cry out for help, but his indistinct utterances were forced back by the hissing, merciless wind. He was fast losing his mind. His steps were numbered. A faintness came over him.

Was it a cruel mirage that came over him? Over the drifts, through the night, shone the bright, cheerful light of a fire, inviting him to comfort and home.

Too late! He uttered a faint cry, then fell in the soft, yielding, deceptive snow.

The storm was victor.

* * * * * * *

Jane Dalton was a cheery, chubby little woman. Of education she could not boast; books and figures were to her unknown quantities. Her world was limited to the little town in which she lived, the capital being bounded by the white fence of her little cottage. But, withal, she was of an humble nature, knew how to love, and fulfilled her every duty as John Dalton's wife. Thrifty and tidy, she managed well the scanty means at her command, and kept the tins and children's faces shining. A happy wife and mother.

At 6 o'clock of the day in question everything was in readiness for her good man's return. The children in bed asleep, and the easy shoes and warm coat near the blazing fire on the hearth, supper prepared, and some mysterious liquid in a snug little kettle, emitting odorous, tempting fumes. It was time for his arrival, and he was usually very prompt. Yet he tarried.

The change in the weather had not taken place unnoticed, but had produced in her a kind of definite uneasiness, a slight restlessness, and yet it had no peculiar importance in connection with the absence of her husband until the clock on the mantle struck seven. Then the wind, whistling around the house corners, rattling the doors and shutters, and the snow beating so persistently against the window panes, acquired a painful significance. Her husband was out in the storm, and might at that moment be perishing with cold on the prairie.

This dreadful thought transformed her whole being; the genial expression of her face changed to a terrified look. She went to the window, and drew wide the curtain that the bright firelight might shine out as a beacon to guide him who was the light of her humble life. She paced to and fro under a rapidly increasing excitement. The weird sounds made by the storm messengers as they whirled by in the fulfillment of their mission made her start and tremble.

It had grown late, it was half-past eight, and yet no tidings. She fell into a chair, and burst into tears; but this weakness was temporary only. She looked resolutely down into the fire, and made her plan. It was a desperate one, but love is more desperate than hate. If John Dalton did not come by nine o'clock she would go and find him.

Rising with firmness, she went first to her children. They were sleeping peacefully. A kiss for each, a long, lingering look of affection, but no thought that she would never see them again.

She took from a closet a pair of overshoes and a cloak for herself, a blanket and a flask of brandy for him she was going to seek. Her simple preparations completed, she stood waiting.

It lacked a quarter of nine. There was a noise at the door, like knocks repeated by one who desired entrance. To Jane Dalton's overwrought senses there was the sound of a hand on the door-knob. She rushed to the door to admit her husband; she opened it to let in the howling blast, which almost dashed her to the floor. Sadly disappointed, but still courageous, she returned to the place before the clock.

In five minutes more the time would be up. Her cloak and hood were on, and she was ready for whatever God had in store for her. She watched the clock like one who waits for some supreme moment in life. The winds seemed to be roughly calling her. Then they lulled a few seconds and she heard a cry—a moan—which seemed to freeze her blood.

"That is John," she cried; "he calls me."

Instantly she was out in the night, braving the storm. Where should she go? She could not tell. She went blindly on. A sparrow does not fall without His knowledge. Her steps were guided; her feet struck something in the snow. It was the mail-bag.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, and fell on her knees at her husband's side.

Quickly, almost fiercely, she snatched from his body the jealous snow. She rubbed his breast; she chafed his wrists and hands. There was an electricity of love in her touch, which quickly restored warmth and life.

John Dalton rose from that bed of death, saved by his wife.

Together in the little home, by the bright fire, a heartfelt prayer, a kiss for the little ones, an embrace—yes, more than one—for the wife, the supper finished, the contents of the snug little kettle not forgotten, John Dalton pressed his hand on his forehead, his face wore a troubled look, then he turned to Jane and said:

"Wife, I almost forgot the mail; there's an important letter in the bag, and it must be delivered to-night."

A tender voice replied:

"No, John, to-morrow will do."

NO SCHOOLMASTER WANTED.—Some years ago some emigrants from Ohio and Illinois settled in a little town in this State and soon began to agitate for the erection of a school-house and the employment of a teacher. A town-meeting was called to consider the proposition; and one of the Northerners made a neat little speech, telling of the blessings which education had brought with it to Ohio and Illinois. When he had sat down an old man in the corner arose, gave the customary hitch to his corduroys, pushed back his hat a trifle and answered thus: "Stranger, up in yer Ohio State you've got a big penitentiary full of people; h'aint yer? Well, yer've got a larnin' up thar! Up in yer Illinois State yer've got a big penitentiary full of people; yer've got larnin' thar! But I've lived here for thirty-seven years in peace and happiness. I've raised nine boys and tew gals, and I sleep perfickly sound o' night, 'cos I ain't 'fraid any of my boys 'll go to the penitentiary for forgin' notes, 'cos they can't none of 'em write!" (Sensation in the audience and sympathy manifested.) Another of the new-comers then spoke, arguing in favor of education; and then a tall, lank native stood up and "fixing the Northerner with his glittering eye," made his speech. "See here, mister, ain't you the machine man?" "Yes," said he; "I did sell some machines here last year." "Wa'al, when the wheat got ripe, all the people went to neighbor Johnson's to see how yer mowin' machine would operate. We got the tarnel thing into the field, and neighbor Johnson he hitched his young filly into the shafts. She allers was a fractious critter, and the first thing we knowed she give a flounce and caught neighbor Johnson's boy Bill's leg an' cut it clean orf! (Manifest sensation.) Then, mister, in just about two weeks yer pardner come around peddlin' wooden legs, and neighbor Johnson had to buy one of them 'ere things. Nice eddicated people you are! You understand it, you do! Fust you sell the machines, and then yer pardner he furnishes wooden legs!" This ended the matter, and no schoolmaster will be welcome in that village for some time to come. —*San Antonia Herald.*

AN OLD TIME WINTER.—Talk about your severe winters and heavy snow storms, how would you like to have lived in Boston, during the year 1717? We find the following notice of it in an exchange: The greatest snow storm on record is that which occurred on the 18th of February, 1717, and continued for four days without ceasing. The account is in the Massachusetts Historical collection. When it ceased the snow was about eight feet deep on a level, and in narrow streets much deeper. In many places it was blown into banks of a wonderful height. The day after it ceased snowing, it rained sufficiently to wet the snow about four inches deep, when it cleared up intensely cold and froze hard enough to bear both man and beast. In Boston paths were dug out under the snow, so that opposite neighbors could pass across the street to each other's houses and they would also cross on the crust to their chamber windows to visit each other. It was in vain to try to make roads through the snow. Vast numbers of animals of all descriptions perished. Many persons who had not a supply of wood laid in were compelled to burn their furniture. Snow was melted for drink and cooking, and what few mails there were were compelled to stop for a long time.

STORY OF A RAT.—A story is told by a farmer residing at Bloomfield, in this State, which seems to indicate reasoning power and a bit of heroic element in a rat. Two rats, an old grey matron of the corn-crib and her offspring, had been caught together in a common box trap. Through a crack the pair could be seen together within, loving enough, till the farm dog was brought to the mouth of the trap. As soon as the mother rat scented the dog she seemed immediately to divine the approaching fate, and, giving a terrible squeal, she caught the little rat by the neck and bit him sharply, causing almost instant death. The trap was opened an instant after, and the old rat, which had thus killed her offspring rather than have it murdered by the dog, quietly submitted to her fate.

—It is not generally known that if a person dies by absolute drowning bloody water will run from the body if cut. If death be caused by a blow given previous to falling into the water blood will not flow from a cut in the body.

The Seductive Wiles of the Auctioneer.

Mrs. M. H. Burnham writes to the St. Louis Republican an account of how her household goods were auctioned off when she "broke up" recently and went to boarding. "The auctioneer was an artist," she says, "and between legends and anecdotes, the chattels were knocked down at splendid prices. I admired the ingenuity of the auctioneer who made little heaps of my effects, christened 'em 'lots' and paraded them over the floor so that one sort of fair article pulled through a number of worthless traps. Thus a good preserving kettle formed the basis of 'lot No. 10,' and had two broken castors, a soup-ladle with a hole in it, a section of an Old Dominion coffee-pot, a spice-box without a bottom, a pudding-steamer without a cover, the thrasher out of an ice cream freezer and two bald old blacking brushes stuck inside of it. That made it a 'lot.' There were about twenty of these lots, which looked rich and attractive, especially after the man went round with an armful of stair rods and put a few in each lot to bristle up and call attention. The different styles of Toodles grouped over these little combinations and bid high for them, and they went off like rockets at two, three and four dollars a lot. I could have cried as I thought of the wealth I had thrown away in empty wine bottles, old hoop-skirts and rusty pokers. You can buy a bran new clothes wringer for five dollars, but mine had lost its handle and went for $5 20. You can occupy a feather duster for a couple of dollars—the moths had gone into mine and it brought me two dollars and a half. A new fluting iron can be purchased for five dollars; the heater was lost out of mine, but Toodles got it cheap for five dollars and seventy-five cents. 'Here,' said the auctioneer, as the colored assistant elevated a clumsy old chair whose threadbare seat had been embroidered by the subscriber at the age of fifteen, here I offer you a rare and curious old chair, over one hundred years old, without doubt. At one time it was the property of Charles Carrol, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. In this chair sat numberless times the great George Washington. You observe the clip on the nigh side. I cannot tell a lie; he did it with his little hatchet.' That chair sold for twenty dollars and forthwith my mind was made up. The road to fortune lies in working tapestry chair seats for George Washington to sit in."

A HUSBAND'S WRONG.—Her mother had told her not to marry until she was able to support a husband; but she heeded not her gentle warning; she went and got civil-contracted to a man who was a fine, long-winded talker, and who could sit round and keep a stove warm better than any one she ever saw in her life. And then how proficient he was lying in bed and snoring, on a December morning, while she got up and split the wood, made the fire, fed the horses, swept the floor, boiled the coffee, blacked his boots, mended that hole in his coat, sewed on that shirt button, and laid a pipeful of tobacco and the matches alongside his pillow. And how loving she must have felt toward him, when he got up at last about ten o'clock, cursing her for making a noise, and wanted to know why there was no beefsteak and eggs on the table, and why she hadn't pawned her watch—it was a dying mother's gift—in order to give him whisky money. And when, after three years of this, she left him, and went to work as a sewing girl, people spoke of the depravity of the woman who left her husband.

A SAGACIOUS COW.—The cow has not hitherto been suspected of much acuteness of instinct or liveliness of affection, but an incident developed at the Petty Sessions held recently in an English town tends to show that this mild, dull animal is sometimes endowed with considerable feeling and sagacity. In the case in question, a farmer's wife was assaulted by her husband in a field where was a cow that the woman had greatly petted. On seeing the man beating his wife, tearing her hair and clothes, and otherwise maltreating her, the cow came charging up the field, and attacked the man with such ferocity that he was glad to retreat summarily. The cow then took up a defensive position by the woman's side, and stood perfectly still while the latter struggled to her feet and supported herself by leaning on its flank until she had sufficiently recovered to take refuge from her husband in flight. It may be taken as additional evidence of the uncommon good sense of the cow, that it had always manifested a strong antipathy to the brute who could descend so low as to beat his wife.

WHAT IS GUM ARABIC?—After the rainy season in Morocco, a gummy juice exudes spontaneously from the trunk and branches of the acacia. It gradually thickens in the furrow down which it runs, and assumes the form of oval and round drops, about the size of a pigeon's egg, of different colors, as it comes down from the red or white gum tree. About the middle of December the Moors encamp on the border of the forest, and the harvest lasts a full month. The gum is packed in large leather sacks, and transported on the backs of camels and bullocks to seaports for shipment. The harvest occasion is one of great rejoicing, and the people for the time being almost live on the gum, which is nutritious and fattening.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - April 16, 1875.

It is rumored in Radical circles that Butler B. Strang, State Senator from Tioga county, will not permit his name to go before the State convention as a candidate for State Treasurer. We trust that the rumor is unfounded, as he rendered his defeat certain, by his course in the Senate at its last session, in the event of his nomination.

In Connecticut the Democrats have a Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State, State Treasurer, Controller, a Democratic Senate, a Democratic House, a United States Senator and three Members of Congress. The Republicans have left a United States Senator and one Member of Congress. This may be considered a pretty clean sweep for a dead party.

Two members of the present House of Representatives, William Bardsley, (Republican,) of the Seventh Philadelphia district, and Charles Willett, (Democrat,) of Bucks county, died last week. Four members died before the meeting of the Assembly, and one a short time after he took his seat. Thus seven members, elected in November last, have passed away.

The Bellefonte *Watchman* names a few of the gentlemen who are spoken of in connection with the Democratic nomination for Governor: Robt. E. Monaghan, Chester; James H. Hopkins, Allegheny; J. Howard Beach, Wayne; Samuel S. Dreher, Monroe; John D. Stiles, Lehigh; Edgar Cowan, Westmoreland; B. Markley Boyer, Montgomery; Andrew H. Dill, Lycoming; Victor E. Piollet, Bradford; Judge Trunkey, Venango; William P. Schell, Bedford; Hugh M. North, Lancaster; Hendrick B. Wright, Luzerne; William Elwell, Columbia; Mr. Wolverton, Northumberland; Amos C. Noyes, Clinton; Andrew G. Curtin, Centre; General Winfield S. Hancock, Montgomery, and Daniel M. Fox, of Philadelphia.

Whatever opinion the mass of the Republicans may entertain about the third-term, the Phila. *Times* is convinced that the national office-holders all understand the best passport to continued favor from the throne. The Bradford *Reporter*, owned by Mr. Goodrich, Surveyor of the Port, says that "General Grant has twice led that party to victory, having been called upon by the people to be its standard-bearer. It is too much to say that the combination of circumstances might arise which would point him out clearly as the best and most available candidate for 1876 as in 1868 and 1872?" We have not seen Collector Comly's declaration yet, but we admonish him that delays are dangerous. Hiestand, the Naval Officer, swallowed the dose and has a fresh commission in advance of the expiration of his old one, and Mr. Goodrich may now be considered safe for a season. Come to the front, gentlemen, for there are no half-price seats in this show.

If there is one member of the Radical party who, beyond all others, is just now entitled to the profound sympathy and official favor of U. S. Grant, it is James Lloyd Greene, Mayor of Norwich, and lately the Radical candidate for Governor of Connecticut. His case is a peculiarly sad one, and calls loudly for prompt executive treatment. He caused a hundred guns to be fired in the city over which he presides in honor of Grant's military despotism in Louisiana, and invested heavily in the third term speculation. For these two reasons, and only for these, he was put forward as a candidate; and precisely for these, together with some other minor considerations, he was disastrously defeated. Under the uniform rule adopted by Grant, he is preeminently entitled to recognition, and if the mission to Russia was only vacant, Greene would be the right man in the right place. As he cannot go there, a first-class consulship or a traveling Indian agency, which seems to be the last refuge of defeated Radical candidates, ought to be conferred upon him as a salve to his wounded and outraged feelings.

John Cessna possesses a keen appetitite for office, and in its swift pursuit gives tongue as loudly as an eager hound on the fresh track of a hare. Clement C. Hill, one of the Assistant Attorney Generals of the United States, resigned last week, and the Bedford patriot at once went for the vacancy. As executive patronage is now distributed, he ought to succeed, but he will fail. Pennsylvania has already one Assistant Attorney General, which renders very improbable the appointment of a second from the same State in the face of the swarm of applicants from other sections. Cessna deserves something, and it will be a crying shame if he should be left out in the cold. His abject subserviency to Grant in all things, but especially in his attempted military raid on Arkansas, give him an undoubted claim upon the official favor of the occupant of the White House. He has unequalled qualifications for the office he seeks, for no retired Radical Congressman from this, or any other State, would be so thoroughly competent, just before the next fall elections, to assist George H. Williams, the Attorney General, in running to its full capacity the Southern outrage mill. Before him, ex-Congressman Charles Hayes, the champion outrage liar of Alabama, would pale his ineffectual fires.

After hesitating for almost a month between the dictates of duty and the suggestions of policy, Governor Hartranft, on Monday last, having screwed his courage up to the sticking point, signed the bill for the repeal of the local option law. He knew just as well when the Legislature adjourned on the 18th of March what his action ought to be in reference to the bill as he did on the 12th of April, when he gave it his official sanction. He happens, however, to be a candidate for renomination and that consideration makes all the difference in the world. Like the ancient mariner approaching the almost fatal passage between Scylla and Charybdis, it was a question with the Governor how he could so guide his craft, as to avoid the whirlpool of local option on the one side and escape the rock of license on the other. Whether he has succeeded in this difficult undertaking remains yet to be seen. At all events, like the rustic who bets on the thimble, he has paid his money and has taken his choice. As politics now run, we admit that he was placed between the sharp horns of two dilemmas, and it would have been far better for his future prospects if he had acted with promptness and decision. The bill is not what it ought to be, and is carelessly prepared, as is shown by the second proviso to the third section, which is sublimely obscure. It is an improvement, however, on the exploded experiment of local option, which, like all kindred legislation, has proven to be a complete failure and a perfect sham. The present law will no doubt be a success as a revenue measure, but whether it will perceptibly check the growing evil of intemperance is for the future to demonstrate.

Simon Cameron's excursion party to the city of Mexico, on pleasure bent, was disbanded at New Orleans. A fear of the possible prevalence of yellow fever at Vera Cruz is given as the cause for not carrying out the original programme. Thomas A. Scott, E. S. Plumb, and a few others, who were not so easily frightened, pursued their journey. Cameron, his son-in-law, Wayne McVeigh, Chandler, Anthony, Dennis, and John J. Patterson, a Pennsylvania carpet-bagger, now a United States Senator from South Carolina, took *free* passage on board of the government vessel, the Despatch, which had been sent from the Washington Navy Yard to New Orleans to *deadhead* the party to Vera Cruz, and started for Cedar Keys and a cruise along the Florida coast, and thence to some Atlantic port. It is not a pleasant thought that we have a Secretary of the Navy who will so far prostitute his official duty as to place a government steamer at the disposal of a private party, and at the public expense, having for one of its members such an insufferable scoundrel as John J. Patterson, who, twelve years ago, was branded with infamy by a legislative committee of this State, of which Cyrus L. Pershing was chairman, appointed to investigate the peculiar ways and means by which Simon Cameron had corruptly attempted to procure his election to the United States Senate.

James G. Blaine delivered a speech at a Radical meeting in Hartford, Conn., two days before the recent election in that State, in which he mentioned, as "a most startling fact," that with the 138 electoral votes of the former slave States, the Democratic party will only need the *forty-seven* votes of the three States of Connecticut, New York and California to enable it to elect the next President. If Blaine's premises in the first part of his statement are correct, the Radical party may as well "throw up the sponge" in advance, because the sound of his voice had scarcely died away before Connecticut proclaimed her devotion to the fortunes of the Democratic party by defeating the Radical candidate for Governor by almost *seven thousand* majority. Connecticut therefore, one of Blaine's three Northern States to aid in preventing the election of a Democratic President, having gone back on him, leaves him only New York and California upon which to rest his hopes; and no man of Blaine's experience as a politician seriously doubts their position in the next national contest. Mr. Blaine was simply trying to keep his courage up, and forgot that, in 1876, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and a few other States outside of the former slave States, will be found side by side with the cool-headed and determined Yankees of Connecticut.

A Little Old Time Story about Boss Grant.—More than twenty years ago, one terribly cold and stormy night in January, Mr. Erastus Wells was driving his stage home from Carondelet (near which burg Farmer Grant then lived) to St. Louis, a distance of seven miles. On the road Mr. Wells met a horse and country wagon proceeding leisurely along without a driver. He next discovered lying on the roadside the debris of what appeared as a small stock of groceries. Further on he espied what afterward proved to be 'a good-sized, old-fashioned brown jug; the cork was out, and there was the very best evidence that the aforesaid jug had very recently contained some whiskey. The last object, further on and only a short distance from that point, Mr. Wells discovered was the body of a man lying on the side of the road. Jumping from his stage, he found the owner of the wagon reposing comfortably in a snow bank, slightly "under the weather" from having imbibed too freely of the contents of his brown jug. Mr. Wells, thinking that the man might perish if left there all night, took him on to his stage, picked up the things along the road, and landed the farmer and his traps safely at home some miles distant.

The individual thus taken care of is now the President of the United States.—*Silver City Avalanche.*

—After a most expensive and vexatious contest of a year and a half the supreme court has awarded the prothonotaryship of Luzerne county to Dr. S. W. Trimmer, the Democratic candidate in 1873.

The Noise in Dame Europa's School.

We have a natural admiration for a little boy who is not afraid of a bully, even though we know that the nearness of a big brother may have much to do with his manifestation of pluck. It may be, as has been suggested, that Belgium would not have sent so dignified a reply to Germany's insulting challenge the other day, had not her independence been guaranteed by stronger powers that will stand by her; but the *reply* is not the less dignified on that account, nor less worthy of a State which prides itself upon its freedom. Some Belgian bishops, who are not officials of the State, had expressed their sympathy with their brethren in Germany, whom Mr. Bismarck is so industriously suppressing, and the German Government thereupon wrote in great heat to the Government of Belgium, demanding that it stop this kind of thing, and reminding it that "neutral States which wish to preserve the advantage of their position, should carefully avoid anything which might alter that principal of neutrality which is the basis of their existence." To this pointed threat Belgium very quietly replies that she does not intend to be held responsible for the expressions of individuals; that her laws are sufficient for the repression of offences of fact, but that "offences of intention" she cannot undertake to repress; that the Belgian people are free people, who have given an example of liberty allied with order, and, finally, that Belgium, independent and neutral, has never done anything that could alter her relations "with a friendly nation which has guaranteed her independence." It is strange that the larger boys in "Dame Europa's School" should have left it to this plucky little fellow to give the big bully his first snubbing, but it is not at all strange that Mr. Bismarck's temper is not improved by it. He has been writing to all the other powers about this correspondence, complaining that "the attitude of the Belgians is one of hostility toward Germany," a complaint which, considering the relative strength of the two countries, is not a little ridiculous. But indeed the amiable Chancellor appears to have reached a point when he can hardly be held accountable for his words. He is evidently possessed with the hallucination (which he is doing his best to make a reality) that all the world is against him and anxious to fight him, and that his proper course is to go for anybody he can get hold of. He could not reach the Belgian bishops, but he has got some scores of Germans, ecclesiastic and secular, in jail for "speaking disrespectfully of Prince Bismarck," and yesterday we had an account of the arrest, in Austria, of another unfortunate editor who had been tried and sentenced for a similar offense, and, escaping from the country, was captured in obedience to the German Chancellor's demand. And on the top of all this come the extraordinary article in Bismarck's official organ, the Berlin *Post*, which was printed in The Times of yesterday. The republican majority in France, says this organ, are resolved to precipitate a war of revenge against Germany; there is a warlike movement in Austria, and the upper classes in Italy are ready to join any ally against Germany. France may not perhaps be able to secure an Austro-Italian alliance just now, in which case the war may be delayed, "but things have reached a pass when the Germans should be acquainted with the realities of the situation," and so on. This talk about the anxiety of France to precipitate another war has its only parallel in the third-term shrieks in our own country, and it is seemingly inspired by much the same spirit. Bismarck no more believes (unless he has gone stark mad) that France is preparing to fight than Senator Morton believes that a new rebellion is preparing in the South; but the policy of "blood and iron" requires that the people should be made to believe it. A European war is not improbable, but it will not be of France's seeking. When a big boy goes storming about the play-ground with folded fists, scolding all the little boys and daring everybody to come on, he is reasonably sure to get up a fight in time. And Prince Bismarck can hardly keep on his present course much longer without finding some power to pick up his glove. When the war does come, it will be a fierce one.—*Phila. Times.*

Yesterday, says Wednesday's Phila. *Times*, Mr. Beecher passed from the nurse's arms of kindly Mr. Evarts into the stern hands of the critical pedagogue Judge Fullerton; in other words, the cross-examination began. The very first point scored was against the Plymouth pastor. It will be remembered that when Mr. Beecher was sworn there was a very dramatic scene. He declared that he had conscientious scruples against swearing in the ordinary way, and that he swore with the uplifted hand and in "the presence of the ever-living God." Very pretty indeed, and a fitting prologue to a series of telling tableaux that have had great effect. But it was utterly destroyed by the opening questions of Mr. Fullerton. In three sentences he proved that Mr. Beecher had overcome his scruples when he went before the Grand Jury, and that in one case at least he had conquered the New England superstition against putting the Bible to his lips. We are glad that this question has been settled because we confess that we were slightly incredulous of Mr. Beecher's first statement. A man who went around kissing anybody and everybody as he did—smacking his own full blooded lips against the passionless lips of Dr. Storrs; embracing Theodore; osculating with Elizabeth, and giving Mrs. Moulton "the kiss of peace," ought not—unless he be more reverent than Mr. Beecher clearly is not—object to taking an oath in the usual way.

—One of the most conscientious Sheriffs on record has turned up in Iowa. A railroad was to be sold at Sheriff's sale, and a friendly agreement was made by which the model official was to receive $350 in payment for his part in the transaction, which required two hours, perhaps, of his valuable time. But after the sale he happened to look at the statute which fixed his fees, when he found to his horror that he had been transgressing the laws of the State, which declared that he should receive no other fees than those legally assigned him. So he refused the liberal sum offered him, and said he would take nothing but his lawful fees, which, in this instance, it seems, amounted to $11,000. The railroad men endeavored to hold him to his original bargain, but he was too conscientious to violate the laws he was appointed to uphold, and, the case going to the courts, his integrity was rewarded by a verdict in his favor.

—A correspondent writes about a woman in Fayette county, Pa., who has made a fortune by working a farm with her own hands. Here is an extract: "Thus by industry, economy and perseverance, she, in a very few years, amassed a considerable fortune, cleared seventy-five acres of rough land, filling up and levelling over ravines, and fitting them for agricultural purposes. It was indeed an interesting sight to see her sitting on top of a rock with a drill in one hand and a sledge in the other, piercing the very heart of the rock and blowing it to atoms, and afterwards rolling it piece by piece into the adjacent ravine. This lady has now a grand house, luxuriously furnished; a first-class piano, from which she brings forth the sweetest music, and $50,000 in the bank."

Romance in Real Life.

Oswego, N. Y., April 9.—About a year ago there dropped in here a tattered, gray bearded individual, about sixty years old. Where he came from nobody knew, but he attracted attention by his seedy appearance and the melancholy air with which he wandered aimlessly through the streets. At first he was taken for a tramp who had struck the town dead broke, but as he continued to stay around, an atmosphere of mystery gathered about him, and it was supposed that he had escaped from some asylum for the insane, or was a man without a country, or something of the kind. Pretty soon he began to patronize the reading room, and was a constant attendant on all the literary and religious exercises, and those with whom he talked said he had the air of a cultivated person; had more than ordinary intelligence, and evidently had once been somebody. They noticed, however, that he said little about himself, his origin, or his destiny.

The old man at length went to board with Mr. E. C. Hammond, a reputable and respectable resident. Mr. Hammond had a fine family and in it a daughter of twenty years, an intelligent, cultivated, beautiful girl. With this girl the uncouth boarder of sixty soon became enamored, and he made frequent proposals of marriage to her, and was promptly rejected on every occasion. He was so gentlemanly in all his relations with the Hammonds that they hesitated about turning him away, although they were terribly annoyed by his attentions to the daughter. He paid his bills promptly, and was not guilty of any act to which they could take exception. He was still as tattered as usual, and was not warmly welcomed in his wanderings about town.

The stranger went to Grace church, the most aristocratic in the city, on Sundays, and his shabby appearance shocked the pious worshippers beyond expression, and pretty soon some one of them intimated to him that his presence was not altogether acceptable. This roused the old man's ire, and he dropped the Grace church in a hurry, and went to the east side Episcopal house of worship. The first Sunday he was there he put a $5 bank note in the contribution box, and in a short time he announced to the officials that he desired to carpet the church anew—and he did so; and in giving he was not behind the most liberal. This, of course, made considerable talk, and the mystery of the old man in the tattered coat deepened.

Meantime the Hammonds heard that their boarder was throwing his cash freely among the east side Episcopalians, and they began to open their eyes. When he next resumed his proposals of marriage to the girl, she drew from him his history, which put an entirely new phase to everything. He showed her papers and other proofs that he was from New York city, and had possessed great wealth; that his property had become involved, and tired of litigation, he had stolen away from the city, disguised himself, and had gone to Oswego as a retreat until his affairs should be wound up. He did not wish to have his friends know where he was. Within a month his business had been successfully settled, his financial embarrassments were over, and he was in the possession of a large property. Miss Hammond waited long enough to allow him to substantiate his story, which he did to her satisfaction, and that of her parents, and then she was married to the tattered old man by the Rev. Mr. Emerson. The marriage was kept quiet until yesterday; and then the old gentleman sent to the newspapers the notice of the marriage of John H. Garfield, of New York, to Frankie S. Hammond, of Oswego, and the pair took the noon train for New York, Mr. Garfield having lain aside his rags and donned an elegant wedding suit.

Garfield's property is known by those of Mr. Hammond's family who have investigated, to be worth at least $500,00. The bridal trip includes a summer tour to Europe and the bride's mother is to be one of the party.

Crossing the English Channel in a Life-Saving Dress.—A London dispatch dated April 10th says: Paul Boynton, of the New Jersey Life-Saving Service, who of late has created a profound sensation with his life-saving dress, safely crossed the Straits from Dover to Boulogne, in France, to-day. He started at 4.30 A. M., accompanied by a steamer from which a telegraphic cable was laid, through which from time to time was telegraphed the progress of Mr. Boynton. One despatch (at 7.15 A. M.) said, "Boynton is going along splendidly. He is now fourteen miles out. He is in good spirits and smoking. Cape Grisnez is in sight." Later in the day a despatch was received from Boulogne, which reported that the Captain of the Folkestone packet spoke Boynton at 1.55 P. M., ten miles from Boulogne. In answer to an inquiry as to how he was getting on, he responded "All right." Boynton finally arrived at Boulogne at 8.15 P. M. He was in excellent health and spirits, and was enthusiastically received by a large crowd. The distance was a little under fifty miles.

Mr. Boynton's dress is mostly of India-rubber, and is so arranged that it can be inflated, and rendered not only buoyant but water-proof. Boynton, on his way over from New York, jumped overboard some ten or fifteen miles from the coast of Ireland, landing with safety. Recently, in London, he gave an exhibition on the Thames, he and two others floating from Westminister to Greenwich, the trio eating, drinking, and smoking en route. More recently Boynton gave an exhibition in the presence of Her Majesty, in the waters of Southampton, which resulted in several suits of the dress being ordered for the royal yacht. The dress is so arranged that the wearer can carry not only a supply of provisions, but rockets and other signal apparatus. With a fair wind Boynton generally sets a small sail. He also uses a double paddle to propel himself along, which he no doubt did yesterday.

Democratic Triumphs all Around.—The Democrats of Connecticut did well at the recent election, but not as well as they could. There were tie votes in three assembly districts—East Haddam, Columbia and Redding. Special elections were held on Tuesday which resulted in the choice of Democrats in three districts—in East Haddam by 30 majority, Columbia 14 and Redding 11. This makes the House of Representatives stand 136 Democrats; 106 Republicans and 2 Independents.

At the town meeting in Greenport, L. I., New York, H. A. Reeves, Democrat, for mayor, was elected by 312 plurality over Mr. Tuthill, Republican, and 241 majority over all. Riverhead and Baylon, towns heretofore Republican, elected full Democratic tickets. The Suffolk county board of supervisors will stand eleven Democrats to two Republicans and one Union.

Full returns of the Rhode Island State election give the following vote: For Governor, Hazard, Independent Republican, 8,717; Lippitt, Regular Republican, 8,341; Cutler, Democrat, 5,169. For Lieutenant Governor, Day, Independent Republican, 9,125; Seisson, Regular Republican, 7,942; Pierce, Democrat, 5,121.

The total vote for Governor in Connecticut was larger by 1584 and the total vote cast for Congressmen was larger by 986 than any ever before cast in that State. The Democratic majority on the vote for Governor was 6,661, and on the vote for Congressmen 1867.

Footprints on the Wall.—*A Strange Phenomenon.*—The Schenectady *Union* is responsible for the following extraordinary story: "A few days ago a phenomenon of a very singular nature occurred at the residence of Mr. Veeder, at No. 37 Albany street.; Mrs. Veeder, at the time, was engaged at her household duties, and all of a sudden she was astonished and confounded, according to her statement, by what seemed to be a flash of light that filled the room for a moment with a brilliant illumination. She was so overcome by the strange occurrence that she screamed at first, but the light having disappeared, she regained her composure, when to her still greater astonishment, happening to cast her eyes towards the ceiling of the kitchen, where she was at the time, she saw the mark of a child's foot on the wall overhead. She stood a moment contemplating the object on the ceiling, which soon appeared in full, being the print of a child's foot, corresponding exactly to the other one. She became alarmed and rushed from the room. Proceeding to a neighbor's she called in another woman, and both watched the curious affair. Soon after other footprints developed themselves on the wall, when another lady was called in, but the footprints continued to multiply. This curious development went on until the ceiling of the kitchen was almost covered with these tracks, crossing the wall in different lines of direction, and soon after similar marks were seen in quite a number on the ceiling of an adjoining bedroom. The marks in both rooms were all of a child's foot, and were all of the same size and precisely alike in all respects. The ceiling, like all others at this time of the year, is more or less colored, and the marks on the wall look like white spots of the foot shape. The marks are still on the wall, although some of them have been rubbed off."

Where the Responsibility Belongs.—It is well for the public to bear in mind that, if a strike shall finally be inaugurated here, the corporations, and not the men, must shoulder the responsibility. The cause of a suspension, if there be one, will be the reduction of wages by the employers. This reduction of wages, at the same time that the price of coal was increased, was an outrage on both workmen and consumers, and exhibited the arrogance and greed of those who prescribe terms to the public, because by reason of a gigantic conspiracy, they have it in their power to force a compliance. At the time of the long strike of 1869 and 1870, when the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western sold their coal at auction, their contracts contained the proviso that in case of strikes or suspensions, they were not to be compelled to deliver the coal sold. One of the parties who bought coal the month before the suspension, and failed to receive it, sued the company for damages and recovered; the court holding that the company itself caused the suspension by reducing the wages of the men, and could not, therefore, set up this defence in an action for the non-fulfillment of its contracts. At that time coal was low, and there was, perhaps, some excuse for a moderate reduction of wages, though not as much as was made; when the late reduction was made, there was no excuse at all. If, five years ago, the companies were responsible for a suspension of work, caused by a reduction in wages, they would be doubly so now, because the late reduction has been wholly without justification or excuse.—The business men of this section, whose interests so largely depend on steady work and the prosperity of the workingmen, will know where to place the responsibility should a suspension occur.—*Scranton Daily Times, 8th.*

A Horrible Crime.—A terrible crime was committed in Philadelphia on Wednesday night of last week. Lewis R. Loye, a teamster employed at the Baldwin locomotive works, and living at 1637 Afton street, came home about 6 o'clock and inquired of his step son Willie, aged 14, where the boy's mother and his own wife was. On being informed that she had gone to see her brother, he immediately started away, and about 8 o'clock returned with her. All three then sat down to supper, and during the repast the husband and wife kept up a continual quarrel. About ten o'clock they retired, Mr. and Mrs. Loye to the front room and the boy to the adjoining apartment, where his mother soon joined him. He went to sleep and was awakened by hearing his father strike his mother, and seeing him afterwards cut his throat. The lad crawled out of bed and gave the alarm, which caused the police to go to the house, where they found the lifeless body of Mrs. Loye lying, her throat cut from ear to ear, her head only held on by the spinal column. She was also stabbed in the heart, which of itself was quite sufficient to produce death. The woman was of rather prepossessing appearance.

Near by was the husband, who after killing his wife, determined to take his own life by cutting his throat. As he lay the blood spurted from his wounds, and the miserable man groaned as though suffering intense pain. Physicians found that the wind pipe had been severed, but that the wound was not necessarily fatal. The authorities of the almshouse were notified and the murderer was removed to that institution, where he died next day.

The lad states that his father and mother frequently quarreled, and it was asserted with a degree of positiveness, that the whole trouble was occasioned from jealousy on the part of Loye.

Charlie Ross' Father.—Christian K. Ross, father of the missing boy, arrived in New York on Friday, to consult with Superiniendent Walling in regard to a supposed clue to his son, and returned to Philadelphia on Saturday morning almost broken hearted at the announcement that Mr. Walling had found the information on which the journey was made, worthless months ago. Mr. Ross is gradually weakening under the strain to which his mind has been subjected since his attack of temporary aberration, and the pursuit of his son has become with him a mania. He appears unable to rest in peace, and snatches at the slightest information which he imagines will afford a clue to his boy. In his present condition he is unable to act with judgment, and unless his friends restrain him he will have to be placed under surveillance again. Superintendent Walling is deeply affected by Mr. Ross' eagerness, and is working constantly on the case, but even his firm faith that Charlie is living appears to waver. The police are now hunting after a man who knew Mosher and Douglas in Philadelphia, and who is supposed to be able to impart important information in regard to their movements after the abduction at Germantown.

—Here comes a Wisconsin girl, vouched for by the *Woman's Journal*: "She is a slight, slender girl, seventeen years of age. She is equally at home with the mower, reaper, horse-rake, plough-handles, hoe, or any other implement of farm work. She will shear as many sheep in a day as the best of shearers. And when her day's work is done in the field, she will turn to the cutting and making of the children's dresses, or in other ways help her mother about the house. Two years ago her father had a young untamed horse. She broke the horse to the saddle, rode him at a county fair, and took the first premium over three competitors."

News and Political Items.

—Live grasshoppers have already been gathered in the wheat-fields of Bradford county.

—On Saturday a track walker was killed on the eastern division of the Pennsylvania railroad.

—Sir John Gray, member of Parliament for Kilkenny, and proprietor of the *Freeman's Journal* of Dublin, died on Wednesday.

—A carriage and span of horses were presented to Cardinal McCloskey on Saturday by a few prominent Catholics of New York.

—It is said that the commonwealth of Pennsylvania is now better furnished with notaries public than any other in the United States.

—Phineas T. Barnum, mayor of Bridgeport, Conn. Admission to Bridgeport hereafter, fifty cents; children, half-price.—*Rochester Democrat.*

—Mathias Konkle was sentenced at St. Catharines, Ont., on Saturday, to be hanged for an outrage on a little girl at Blairsville in November last.

—A mule lately died at Fredericksburg, Virginia, at the remarkable age of sixty years, having been an excellent worker up to the day before his death.

—Jim Bruce, the negro who murdered a white woman named Alice Robinson in Norfolk last March, has been sentenced to eighteen years in the penitentiary.

—They have introduced lady hotel clerks in Kentucky with great success. The only disadvantage is that guests of the house do not get their letters as early as formerly.

—A woman in Pinar del Rio, Cuba, believing she was acting by the orders of the spirits, tore out the eyes of her son, and afterwards attempted to tear her own out.

—Betsey Williams, one of the last slaves held in Pennsylvania, died in Lewisburg, recently, aged 75 years. She was made free at the age of 18 years.

—The fact that a girl in Texas, eleven years of age, has been led to the altar by a blind organ-grinder, leads a Houston editor to ask; "Is the New York *Ledger* satisfied now?"

—It has been discovered that the England lady who spelled 650 words out of the word congregationalist has never learned how to make a loaf of bread out of flour, yeast and water.

—A man in Maine has presented to the Maine Historical Society the gun which his grandfather used at the battle of Lexington. It is claimed to have been the first gun fired there.

—Daniel W. O'Brien, whose stage name was Dan Bryant, the celebrated Irish comedian and negro minstrel, died of pneumonia in New York on Saturday. He was 42 years old and had been on the stage since 1848.

—A tornado passed three miles south of Little Rock last Friday evening, destroying several houses, unroofing others and uprooting trees. A Mrs. Jones was killed, and her two daughters were severely injured.

—Wesley Shaffer, of Driftwood, Cameron county, a respectable citizen, aged sixty, killed himself on Friday with a rifle, the discharge inflicting a terrible wound in his head. The cause of the fatal act was supposed to be business difficulties.

—McKenzie, a farmer, was murdered in his house near Greenville, Illinois, on Thursday night. His body was dragged to the stable and thrown under the feet of a pair of mules. His wife and son were arrested on suspicion of being the murderers.

—Nashville, Tenn., has a rather odd character in the person of a crippled colored girl, aged about 16 years, who has been successfully carrying on the kidnapping trade. She had abducted upwards of a dozen children before she was arrested.

—Henry Ward Beecher once publicly boasted (if he did not publicly thank God) that not a democrat was in any manner or form connected with Plymouth church. It is now the turn of the democrats to be thankful that such was the case.—*Pottsville Standard.*

—A fire at Millerstown, in the oil regior, Sunday morning, broke out in Bluestine's confectionery and faro bank, which, in two hours, destroyed forty buildings. It is impossible at present to give the losses, but they will not be less than one hundred thousand dollars.

—A game of chess between Europe and New York City, started in 1859 by correspondence, is concluded, after having been in progress for sixteen years. The contestants were Dr. Brenzinger, of Pfolzheim, in Baden, Germany, and F. A. Brenzinger, of New York. The New York player won the game.

—Herr Sigl, editor of the Ultramontane *Vaterland*, of Munich, who was recently sentenced—in default of his appearance for trial—to imprisonment for publishing an article reflecting on Prince Bismarck, has been arrested by the Austrian authorities at Salzburg on application of the German Government.

—The 6th inst. was the anniversary of the battle of Shiloh in 1862; the 8th of the abdication of Napoleon I. in 1814; on the 9th of April, 1865, General Lee surrendered at Appomattox; on the 10th, in 1873, Gen. Canby was murdered; and on the 11th it was fourteen years since the bombardment of Fort Sumpter.

—The Cincinnati *Commercial* has a *fac simile* of the signature of Mr. J. C. New, of the First national bank of Indianapolis, the appointed successor of General Spinner as treasurer of the United States. From this it would appear that the country is only to have a change from one remarkable signature to another. It looks like a handfull of fish hooks.

—There is a monk in a monastery in the Levant who is described as being superbly handsome, and has never seen a woman. He is said to have some curiosity as to what such a creature is like, but the wonder is that some enterprising traveler of the softer sex has not heard of his handsomeness, and visited the monastery in question to see and be seen.

—The St. Paul *Dispatch* says: Caledonia, Minnesota, has a man who fought with Napoleon during the great Moscow campaign, and was also at the battles of Wagram and Leipsic. This may be so, but these old soldiers of the Grand Army are becoming entirely too plenty. They will soon be as troublesome and as apocryphal as Washington's body-servants.

—The failure of Captain Boynton to reach Boulogne, in his trip across the English channel, was caused by darkness coming on, and not any failure in the success of his invention. He walked thirty-two miles, and was within eight miles of the shore when, owing to darkness, he was taken on board a vessel. It was a remarkable voyage.

—The pistols worn by Major Pitcairn at Lexington, and from one of which the first shot of the Revolution was fired, are in the possession of the widow of a grandson of Gen. Putnam, and will be exhibited at the approaching Centennial exercises at Lexington. They were given to Gen. Putnam when he joined the army at Cambridge, and were used by him during the war.

—The grocery store of Alden Thayer, at Clinton, Mass., was destroyed by fire on Monday. Mrs. G. W. Dinsmore and her father, who occupied rooms over the store, were burned to death. At Vineyard Haven, Mass., on the same day, the residence of Philander P. Clifford was burned to the ground, and his wife, who was an invalid and unable to leave her room, perished in the flames.

—The Jardin d'Acclimation, Paris, a chimpanzee which measures four feet height, is perfectly tame and gentle. While its master lived at Sierra Leone it performed in the house the functions of a servant, saluting visitors, opening the door for them, escorting them and offering them their hats.

—The tornado near Little Rock Thursday evening, prostrated the telegraph wires in all directions. Many houses were blown down, five persons were killed, and several others were injured. Texarkana was visited at the same time by a violent storm which unroofed the public school building and injured several children, one fatally. Torrents of rain also flooded the village.

—An elopement in Millbury, Mass., has no novel feature, but it called attention to a strongly complicated family. The lady who eloped was twenty-one years old, having been married seven years, and her husband whom she left was sixty-one. The husband's two sons by a previous wife are married to his recreant wife's two sisters, and her brother is the husband of her husband's daughter.

—Somerset county is great on sweetness. The *Independent* states that a gentleman named Abraham Folk, of Addison township, had made the present week eight barrels of sugar, and by next week has doubled the number, as he runs one hundred keelers. Other seasons one barrel of sugar water generally makes five pounds of sugar, but this year the same quantity yields nine or ten pounds.

—Rev. Father O'Hara, of Wilkesbarre, has been giving his flock good advice in respect to the mining troubles. He advises them to keep aloof from the instigators of the troubles, whom he denounces as unworthy of confidence or respect. Of their past life was of doubtful character, and they only worked to the detriment of those who tried to make homes for themselves and families by earning a livelihood through honest labor.

—The Pittsburg *Post* thinks there is to be something definite about that cure of Dr. Brown-Sequard that President Grant is going to die before the end of his mouths. The circulation of the story prevents Vice President Wilson from going to Europe for his health. If there is no truth in the story, or if it was only started in way of a joke, it ought to be straightened up. We don't want a memento mori hanging at us from the White House.

—The Warren *Press* says that during a recent storm in that county lightning struck five tanks of oil at Karns City, and also one dwelling house, creating a terrible panic among the people. About six hundred barrels of oil were burned and the tanks destroyed. In the house which was struck a boy and a dog were playing in a room when the electricity passed down the chimney, shattering the stove, killing the dog and wounding the boy.

—A tragic sequence of the storm in Connecticut took place at New Haven on Tuesday. James T. Furlong, a leading merchant of the City of Elms, had been very heavy in betting on the success of the Republican candidates, which appears to have unsettled his mind. Furlong discharged the contents of two of the chambers of a revolver into his right ear. The first of the bullets dissevered the jugular vein, and the effects of which he died instantly.

—The town of Edinburg, Ill., was on Friday by a fearful tornado. The Christian church and five dwellings were destroyed, and an elevator was badly damaged. In the church, thirty of forty men and women who were having a prayer meeting, were buried by the falling timbers. At last accounts about fifteen of them had been taken out. One of these, Miss Porter, was dead; two others had both legs broken, and the rest were severely injured.

—The main objection most people have to sending communications on postal cards is that the writing is, of course, open to general perusal. A good way of avoiding this difficulty is to use sympathetic ink. A solution of ten grains hyposulphite of soda in sixteen tablespoonsful of water is the simplest fluid for the purpose. It is perfectly clean pen, after writing with the letters with a smooth paper, and will remove all traces of the salt. Expose the letter to the heat of a bright coal fire and the writing black.

—Yesterday morning the engineer of a passenger train on the Pennsylvania railroad struck a tramp carrying a carpet on a bridge above Huntingdon and killed him. The man was evidently crossing when he heared the train coming and stepped in front of the locomotive. The accident happened at an abrupt curve, and the engineer did not see the tramp until it was too late to stop the train in time to save him. He was badly mangled, a large portion of his body fell through the bridge. His baggage floated down the stream.

—The *Rock* (London) says: "There is a great satisfaction to the country to know that the Prince and Princess of Wales have ceased to attend the services of the ultra-Ritualistic church, All Saints', Margaret street, where this time last year they were frequently seen." A correspondent of the same journal informs it that members of Oxford University have entered the Roman Catholic Church during the past twelve months, all of these from St. Barnabas' (Ritualistic) Church. The Roman Catholics are building in Oxford a large and handsome new church.

—The Clearfield *Republican* of this inst., says: At present we can say little about our timber business. The falling off in the production is at least one half, and the whole amout produced last year will be instead of sending seventeen hundred rafts, or about ten million feet of lumber to the lower market, as we did last year, we will send about eight hundred or eight hundred and fifty rafts, or probably five million feet. This will be sent into market this year. The reduction will be severely felt by many in the county this year, and if the prices are much below last year the depression will be awful.

—Paul Boynton is known here, says the Phila. *Times*, as a daring swimmer and a coast life-guard who has saved a number of lives on the beach at Atlantic City. He has just added to his fame by performing across the English channel—accomplished thirty-five miles of the distance between Dover and Boulogne, and it was not a fool-hardy one either, but was attempted to prove to the world the efficacy of an invention of the swimmer for saving up poor humanity in the water. His success is a more important event in the world's history than Byron's achievement of Leander's deed. Hereafter the ocean is not trackless and man can go on being safer, as Boynton has proved, on the bosom than on the decks of the floating hulks which it is ploughed.

—An act of womanly heroism worthy of record was witnessed at Cairo on Sunday evening. A little trading boat is moored above the city in which a family live. The mother was standing upon the bank conversing to a neighbor, and her two children were playing upon the stage plank. Both fell into the river and sank. The mother had scarcely disappeared when the husband went down after them head first, and came to the surface in a second or two with both clinging to her neck and the other in his arms. Floating down a few yards he caught the stern line and held them there until the husband came to their rescue. The courage or presence of mind never left her until the party were safely on board, when she sank insensible to the floor, and remained so for some time after she was carried aboard the boat.

CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,
Y, - - APRIL 16, 1875.

AL AND PERSONAL.

There, and the Other Place.

dress goods, all shades just received
y's.

it be that the spelling bee is never
Ebensburg sensation?

r eight inches of snow greeted the
our citizens on Tuesday morning

lot of ladies' hoop skirts, corsets,
gloves, etc., just received at Steh-

sidents of Jackson township, Hun-
recently died within a period of
ys.

arge stock of ladies', misses' and
's hats and sundowns, just opened
y's.

le of boards fell on Mr. Emler, of
Wednesday noon, injuring him
verely.

Hollidaysburg *Standard* pronounces
erney, Esq., the most finished an
in Altoona.

er on the brain will be the death of
our citizens if the excitement con-
uch longer.

public schools of this borough, or
a majority of them, closed the win-
on Friday last.

ything in the dry goods or fancy
line can be bought cheaper at Stehley's
any other store in Ebensburg.

el Curfman, of Clay township,
don county, is minus a habitation,
name. Fire did the business for him
ys ago.

eather Cock," an imported horse val-
$3,000 and owned by a company at
Unity, Westmoreland county, died
on Saturday last.

edford county man broke his nose
g since while attempting to turn a
mersault. He probably nose by this
w the old thing works.

John Regan, who was born and
Summitville, died at Conemaugh
3d inst., aged about 32 years. The
eased left a wife and one child.

negro who was drowned at Hun-
not long since, and whose body has
been recovered, would have been
had he lived two days longer.

learn from the *Herald* that no such
Charles Farbaugh reside in Barr
p, for we were awfully much afraid
did live out there—or thereabouts.

Rose Quinn, of Johnstown, is not
irant, or should we say aspirantess,
position of County Superintendent,
rts to the contrary notwithstanding.

niel Montgomery, an aged colored
of Huntingdon, lived long enough
e wife to become the father of twen-
children, and then concluded to pass
hecks.

urning raftmen reach here repeat-
railroad now-a-days, from whence
sh northward to repeat perhaps their
ing experience on the raging river.
tic life rafting.

man unknown in that vicinity was
r by a freight train and killed out-
near Mineral Point, this county, on
y evening last. He was supposed to
rman, about 40 years old.

l Makin's big egg is now on exhibi-
the post office. Its actual weight is
and one-half ounces instead of one
as stated by us last week, but the
ions are just as we stated.

B. Rafferty, of Woodvale, fell from
while attempting to ascend to or
from the hay-mow in his stable, on
y last, the ladder coming down with
and received internal injuries which
ove fatal.

contract for tubing to the depth of
ndred feet and fully testing the hole
hill north of Ebensburg, otherwise
as the artesian well, has been award-
r. R. E. Wilkens, who is to receive
the service.

were in error last week in saying
niel H. Jones inflicted a very severe
on his left hand while boring spiles
ar trees. It was his older brother
who met with the misfortune,
having had no *hand* in it.

store and stock of goods owned by
Proudfoot, a former citizen of Clear-
nship, this county, now residing in
county, were totally destroyed by
Tuesday of last week. The loss is
$2,500 and the insurance at $1,200.

eph Worton, a brakeman on the fast
east, had his head caught between
pers of two cars, at Altoona, Tues-
ning last, receiving injuries which
his death in Harrisburg, wither he
en to his home, on the evening fol-

Johnstown *Tribune* reiterates the
story in full and gives what it claims
cts in substantiation of its assertions.
ls the truth we are willing to take
l the harsh things we were induced
denial of the *Voice and Echo* to say in
to the *Tribune* and its editor in refer-
reto.

rick Tully, an old bachelor residing
ona, was struck by a moving train
upper shop yard at that place, on
y last, and had one of his legs very
acerated and was otherwise injured
severely. His advanced age, about
ve years, precludes the probability of
overy.

e store and entire stock of goods and
belonging to H. Yealy & Son, at
Station, Westmoreland county, were
ed by fire on Sunday night last, in-
g a loss of $7,000 or $8,000, on which
as an insurance of $3,000. A watch-
rished in the flames. The origin of
e is unknown.

fty of the Pittsburgh furnaces which
been idle for several months past, ow-
a strike among the puddlers, resumed
ions on Wednesday last, the old op-
s going to work at the $5.50 scale,
ver kind of a scale that may be. Oth-
naces, it was thought, would go into
tion yesterday.

r. Joseph Bearer, of Susquehanna
hip, claims to have the finest stallion
as been er will be trotted out during
resent season on the mountain, and
judges of horse-flesh who saw the ani-
ere this week, have no hesitation in
ing the full mead of merit to "Young
pion," as he is called. Farmers and
desirous of improving their horse
should see posters announcing the
and places where this noble specimen
equine race can be found.

—Many denizens having their domicils on Julian street and parts adjacent no doubt woke up t'other night under the impression that Pandemonium had broken loose, the yelling, profanity and boisterous mirth indulged in by a party of raftmen homeward bound being much akin to what religion teaches us about the condition of society in the lower regions.

—The special election on Saturday in this borough for and against water works resulted in a very decided victory for the proposed improvement, the vote standing 149 for to 75 against—the East Ward, which was supposed to be almost unanimously opposed to the movement, giving a majority of 28 in favor of it. Water works may therefore be set down as a fixed fact, so far as voting can aid in securing them.

—The cellar wall of the new dwelling-house of J. Mills, on Julian street, is now almost complete, and therein consists the difference between the cellar wall referred to and the superb goods in stock at E. J. Mills' mercantile mart down street—the wall being nearly and the stock entirely complete, as well as varied and cheap, comprising as it does everything that a first-class store in this region usually contains.

—There is little in the weather of to-day to encourage any one to fly around and break things in the effort to buy Spring and Summer goods, but it is consoling to think that this kind of weather can't last always, and when the let-up does come, it is equally consoling to know that Myers & Lloyd will have a Spring stock of dry goods, dress goods, and all other goods that cannot fail to please the tastes, meet the wants, and suit the pocket-books of all our people.

—Hon. A. A. Barker returned home Tuesday last, after a somewhat protracted visit to Florida, and feels himself decidedly improved in a physical if not a political point of view. He carried with him in his going 218 pounds of avoirdupois, and brought back 232 pounds of the same commodity—a fact which we note with pleasure, as Mr. Barker is one of our most useful, energetic and honorable citizens, and the more of him, even to the extent of fourteen pounds, the better.

—Two men alighted from their horses in Jackson township, on Monday evening last, and went to chewing each other up, as it were, but finally called quits, after one of them had lost a goodly portion of his right ear, the other being left—whole. The fight over, they sat down on the side of the road, and became as good friends as ever, over a pint of whisky; after which they once more mounted their horses and rode away, mutually pleased with the result of the little unpleasantness.

—We learn from a gentleman who heard another party say that one of his neighbors had been told that the announcement was alleged to have been made in the columns of an Eastern paper to the effect that, in the event of the nomination and election of Mr. Strang as State Treasurer, the position of Cashier would be tendered to a certain gentleman named Samuel Henry, whom, it will be remembered, Cambria county so far forgot itself, some years ago, as to send to the Legislature on one or two occasions.

—The Republican County Committee convened at the Court House in this place on Tuesday last, and selected Jacob M. Campbell, of Johnstown, and C. T. Roberts, of this place, as Representative Delegates to the State Convention, and Hon. Samuel Henry as Senatorial Delegate. The delegates were instructed to support Governor Hartranft for renomination, and Hon. B. B. Strang for State Treasurer. Apropos of the latter, we are led to remark that the Cambria county Republicans are evidently preparing to be Strang-led politically.

—If our modesty did not rebel against it, we would like to publish the neat things said and the kind wishes expressed by our gracious friend R. B. Brown, Esq., the able and gentlemanly editor of the Clarion *Democrat*, in connection with our candidacy for the County Treasurysihp, but as it is as it is, we can only advise our readers, hundreds of whom no doubt will wish to see the notice, to forward seven cents for paper and postage to the Clarion (Pa.) *Democrat* and obtain a copy of the last issue; or, what is still better, enclose $2 for a full year's subscription.

—T. T. Spence, Ebensburg's photographic artist, has planted his feet once more upon his native heath, as it were, having returned from a three weeks' professional visit to Chest Springs, and is now prepared—well, you know what he is prepared for—at his elegant photographic gallery in this place, where he proposes to remain permanently for some time to come, and where you can pick his pocket, on the score of retaliation, he having pictures, and where he will always be glad to meet all those who desire to have their pictures taken in the finest style and at the lowest prices.

—In the "rhuburbs" of Summitville, anp fronting on that portion of the turnpike which leads from Cresson to the goodly village named above, Mr. Luhe Burgoon has recently erected a large and substantial frame building, for which he has obtained a license, and in which he proposes to accommodate and serve up the good things of life to all who may see fit to give him a call, Luke is a genial, jovial gentleman, and we full certain that, like our good friend John C. Boland and Capt Wm. Linton, of the same vicinity, it will not take him long to establish the fact that he knows how to keep a hotel. May prosperity be his.

—For the fun of the thing no doubt, but yet in contravention of that true inward modesty which betokens a pure mind and sound judgment, a young girl and young man, who are not too young however to know how to act becomingly, appeared arm in arm on the public streets of this place on Wednesday evening last, each arrayed in the habiliments of the opposite sex, and created somewhat of a sensation by their rapid movements and evident desire to avoid recognition. In the latter, however, they failed completely, and that failure we trust will warn them, if nothing else does, of the folly, not to say wickedness, of such reprehensible conduct.

—We note with sincere regret the demise on Tuesday last of the Altoona *Daily Tribune*, of which it is true to say that no more sprightly paper, editorially localistically, newsalistically, and all other isticallies, was ever published inside or outside of the big cities; this too after an existence of two years precisely by the watch. The want of sufficient advertising patronage is assigned as the cause of the suspension, and if that cause is removed, as it should be and we trust will be by the business community of Altoona, we hope to see the *Daily Tribune*, take a noble and a loftier flight than ever, albeit it has seemingly gone up "higher nor a kite" on this occasion. So mote it be.

Borough and Township Accounts.—As the time for auditing the accounts of the several boroughs and townships is near at hand, the following law relating thereto will be of interest to many of our readers:

AN ACT to authorize and require the auditors to publish an annual statement of the receipt and expenditures of road commissioners, supervisors, overseers of the poor, and school directors of the several townships and boroughs within this commonwealth, and to designate a day to audit, settle and adjust township and borough accounts.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted, etc.*, That the auditors of the several townships and boroughs within this commonwealth shall meet annually on the first Monday of June, and oftener, if necessary, and shall audit, settle and adjust the accounts of the supervisors, road commissioners, school, borough and township treasurers, as may by law be referred to them.

SECTION 2. That the auditors of the several townships and boroughs within this commonwealth are hereby authorized and required to publish, by posting handbills, either printed or written, in at least five public places within their respective townships or boroughs, an itemized annual statement of the receipts and expenditures of the borough councils, road commissioners, supervisors, overseers of the poor and school directors for the year preceding the annual settlement for their respective districts; said handbills to be posted within ten days after such settlement; and further, it shall be the duty of said auditors to file a copy of the same with the town clerk in their respective districts, and also with the clerk of the court of quarter sessions, which shall be at all times subject to inspection by any citizen thereof: *Provided*, That where any two of said officers shall be exercised by the same persons only one statement shall be required: *Also provided*, That nothing in this act shall be construed to interfere with the present law which requires annual statements of the receipts and expenditures of the borough councils, road commissioners, supervisors, overseers of the poor and school directors to be advertised in the daily and weekly newspapers published in the resective localities.

SECTION 3. In case of neglect or refusal to comply with the provisions of this act, the auditors so neglecting or refusing shall each pay a penalty of twenty dollars, to be recovered in the same manner as debts of similar amount are by law recoverable, by suit instituted in the name of the school district upon the complaint of any tax-paying citizen of the same, and the proceeds thereof to be paid into the school treasury of said district.

SECTION 4. All acts or parts of acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

APPROVED—The 24th day of April, A. D. 1874.
J. F. HARTRANFT.

We have heard of numerous cases of men being absent minded, such as Daniel Webster using his silk hat for a spittoon, and Jerry Black putting on six shirts, etc. But one of our near neighbors who is said to be a candidate for a county office, beats them all. He started out of his house on Monday with the coal bucket; but instead of going to the coal house, deliberately proceeded to the well, where he drew up "The Old Oaken Bucket," or one of some kind, brimful of sparkling water, and leisurely filled the coal scuttle, and not till it began to leak out did he discover his mistake. Then he tried to make his wife believe he was just washing out the bucket.—*Clarion Democrat.*

The *Democrat* man can't hold a candle to an incident which occurred in our town some time ago. A Democratic lawyer—(we won't mention his name, for we know Thompson to be sensitive on the subject)—who is very fond of the good things of life, concluded Saturday evening that he would have a couple of nice, plump, spring chickens for Sunday dinner. To conclude was to act, and he secured the fowls and started home. Going to the kitchen door, he told the superintendent of the culinary department to get some hot water ready as he was about to decapitate the aforesaid fowls. With a chicken in each hand he wended his way toward the fatal block, and seeing the hatchet on the ground, dropped the chicken held in his right hand and picked up the instrument of death, but was considerably surprised to find the chicken making 2:40 time acrosss the lot. Determined not to be cheated out of half his dinner in that way, he dropped the remaining fowl and started at a break-neck pace after the first one, which soon made good its escape. About this time it dawned upon his mind, that by some means he had lost both fowls, for in the meantime the second one had gone the way of the first. It took him some little time to discover how the thing was done, but concluding he would know better next time he countermanded the order for hot water, saying that upon reflection, he concluded a No. 1 mackeral would be better for dinner than chicken.—*Indiana Messenger.*

—We learn from a gentleman whose veracity is unquestionable, that a certain astute politician in one of the rural districts of this county is very industriously circulating the report that we are making $2,000 a year, clear of all expenses, in the publication of the FREEMAN, and therefore do not need the office we are seeking; and that we refused on one or more occasions to publish an article or articles designed and calculated to benefit the Democratic party, for fear of offending certain Republicans, whose good will we wished to retain, and therefore (in his estimation) we do not deserve the office to which we are aspiring. All this to defeat, if possible, our nomination for County Treasurer, and assist a relative of his own, who is too much of a gentleman to countenance such contemptible arguments to secure the coveted prize. Both these stories we declare to be false in every particular, and we now call upon the astute politician aforesaid to either make good his assertions or shut his mouth about us and our business, and particularly to refrain from giving tongue to statements in regard to ourself which he does not know to be true in every particular. We may have no right to the nomination, and shall certainly not complain if it is fairly bestowed on some one else; but we have a right to expect fair play, and we believe we have friends enough who will insist on that being accorded us, no matter what the decision of the convention may be.

—Without consulting Mr. Lilly, the steward of the Poor House, who can no doubt, if he thinks fit, answer for himself the very serious charges made against him through the Johnstown *Tribune* in an article entitled "A Sufferer's Story," we have the authority of Dr. Oatman for saying that there is no truth whatever in the statement that the unfortunate man referred to was left *eight days* without medical attendance after being brought to that institution. On the contrary, his leg was dressed on the *third* day after, and would have been attended to much sooner, were it not for the fact that Dr. Oatman was unavoidably absent from home at the time, Mr. Lilly having made several fruitless trips to town in quest of him. The balance of the "sufferer's story" is no doubt equally reliable (?), and were it not for the purpose of making political capital, it might not have been deemed worthy of publication. More than that, the man Schultz is either an inveterate liar, or else he is very far from being the poor unfortunate he would have the public believe him to be, as he assured Dr. Oatman and others that he was the son of wealthy parents in Germany, who needed only to know his wants to supply them; and that, if the Doctor would "put him through" all right, a handsome gold watch would be his reward; this, and much else of like character.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is strongly recommended by the Medical Faculty, and is largely prescribed among their female patients. It is worthy of all confidence, as may be seen from the following testimonials:

Dr. G. B. Chapman, Plattsmouth, Nebraska, writes: "I have under treatment a lady, who, for the past seven years, has been afflicted, and, after trying several physicians without receiving benefit, is gaining rapidly on your Favorite Prescription."

Atlanta, Ill.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I have not words to express my gratitude to you for your advice and assistance in my case. There is not one who has used your medicines since they have been brought here, but can say with me they have been benefited. Since I have been so helped by its use, six or seven around me left off all doctors and other medicines, and now use it in their families, after being cured of the same disease as mine. You do not know what a wonder it created in our city, by its restoring my sister I wrote you about, for she had been under the care of three of our best doctors, but could not sit up but for a few minutes at one time. I begged of her to try your medicines, and before she had used half the bottles she could go all around the yard, and has just come home from a visit five miles away. Mrs. Thos. McFarland.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is sold by dealers in medicines generally.

Local Correspondence.

Washington Township, April 15, 1875.

Dear Freeman—We have a fresh crop of snow at present writing, which is quite a change from the weather prevailing during the past few days. It is also a drawback on the farmers and others who had commenced plowing, gardening, etc. One farmer in this township sowed a field of oats last week, which is as early, or perhaps earlier, than any like feat this season any other township in the county can boast of. But then, you know, we are right smart down here.

The matrimonial fever is beginning to rage once more, and of course has a tendency to break the monotony of the times. There were married yesterday, in the Catholic church at Summitville, by Rev. J. Hackett, Mr. J. Freidhoof, of Munster township, and Miss Mary Egar, of this township. John is a worthy, genial gentleman, and will no doubt endeavor to add to the happiness of his fair young bride throughout their wedded career.

A young man named Samuel Greene, of No. 2, this township, while chopping wood, a few days since, had the misfortune to sever one of his toes and injure another. He is on the hobble now, but hopes soon to be able to toe the mark with what's left of 'em.

A swarm of bees on the first day of April is what Solomon H. Borky can boast of, they having come out and settled on an apple tree near his residence. As soon as he discovered them, he procured a box and hived them all quite successfully. They remained but a few minutes in the hive, however, when they all stepped down and out, as it were, and left for parts unknown.

The coal miners in this township have all resumed work at fifty cents per ton, being an advance of ten cents per ton, of which they are certainly deserving.

All the saw mills are in running order, and are manufacturing lumber rapidly, which is in good demand; and all the logs that were delivered will be manufactured long before the next census will have been taken.

The proposition made by you last week, in regard to the changing of the mode of electing delegates to the county convention, seems to meet the general approval of the people hereaway, and could scarcely fail to give satisfaction, if adopted, which I earnestly hope will be the case. It would give sharpers no chance to play their crafty games.

As the time is fast approaching for the election of a County Superintendent, it is to be hoped that a worthy and efficient person will be selected to fill that responsible position.

I see in your last week's issue a flourishing article from near Portage, bearing the name of "Michael Daly," a quiet, inoffensive old citizen of Summerhill township. Mr. Daly, it is needless to say, had no more to do with said article than the man in the moon or the Khedive of Egypt. The *gentleman* and *scholar* who did the scribbling should come out like a man, and not be sailing under false colors. He professes great love for the truth, and for that reason, if for no other, ought to use it less sparingly than he does. I defy him to point out anything written by me for the FREEMAN which is not literally true, his intimations to the contrary notwithstanding. I also caution him against arranging my remarks to suit himself, as he did with the sentence in dispute, making it read entirely unlike the original. He also denounces it as ungrammatical, but fails to tell in what particular. The fact remains, however, that a great many logs were delivered at Portage, and a tanbark, too. But that is nothing compared to the powerful maledictions which this grammatical critic pours out upon the schools and teachers of this township. I claim that the teachers of Washington township performed their duties with credit and fidelity, and have as good records and as unimpeachable characters as any teachers in the county. Hence, this chronic fault-finder should be made to understand that he cannot attack them with impunity. So, also, with the Washington township school board, which can take care of its own affairs, no matter whether he approves or not.

But enough of this, and perhaps too much; for the mote-seeking scribe, not to say pharisee, who has to hide behind the name of a decent man in order to insure himself a hearing, is scarcely worth noticing. Quincy.

Loretto, April 9, 1875.

Dear Sir: In your last you say that "everybody is waiting to see the autograph of the new Treasurer of the United States. It can never equal Spinner's." Enclosed is a fac-simile of that autograph, and I think you will agree with me that it is "fearfully and wonderfully made." It will be more to bring forgers to the gallows than a regiment of Moodys and Sankeys. Grant must have selected him for "only that, and nothing more." The fac-simille was clipped from the Indianapolis correspondence of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, of April 3d. That paper, of the same date, says that "Bloss' labors were all in vain, if he thought his penmanship would qualify him to be Spinner's successor." Bloss, as is well known, was the famous statistical editor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, who could always "figure up" a Democratic gain, no matter what election returns said. He is, moreover, reputed to be the worst penman in the United States. Horace Greeley's pot-hooks were specimens of high art in comparison with Bloss'. Some years ago, during a controversy between the *Enquirer* and *Commercial*, the latter paper printed what purported to be a fac-simile of one of Bloss' letters, and very considerably furnished its readers with the key. But Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, speaking in his next issue anent the so-called fac-simille, said: "No you don't; you can't fool us. We saw that thing before. It's a railroad map of the State of Ohio." Yours, respectfully, C.

Washington Township, April 14, 1875.

Mr. Editor—I agree with you in the remarks you made in your paper last week about the delegate elections, and hope the plan you suggest will be adopted in the different election districts. It will be a very easy matter for each man, after he has voted for delegates, to write down on a piece of paper the names of list of the candidates for the different offices his own wishes as to who ought to be nominated. This paper will be in the possession of the election officers, who will be bound on their honor to see that no double marking takes place, and to count nothing else, which makes no difference whether the candidates object to this plan, or what they may say about it. It is a matter for the voters themselves to decide, and they have a right to express their choice of candidates in any way they please. This plan would shut the mouths of men who don't deserve office, and would stop the cry that they were cheated or betrayed in the convention. It is as fair and easy a way of getting at the wishes of the people as could be recommended. I have not talked with a Democrat in this township who is not in favor of it; and I trust some of the delegates in each district will take hold of it and carry it out at the next delegate election.

Yours, &c., Little Berks.

The many friends and acquaintances in this county of Mr. P. A. Forrester, a former Cambrian who has made his home and his pile in the Golden State, will peruse with interest the following "personal" clipped from the San Luis Obispo (Cal.) *Tribune* of March 20th:

P. A. Forrester.—The genial face of Mr. Forrester beamed upon San Luis during the present week. He was in town looking after his expensive improvements, and projecting others of a like nature. His two fine houses fronting on Marsh street are nearing completion. They are two stories in height, finished with all modern conveniencies, and will make desirable homes. Mr. Forrester proposes building a fine mansion for his own use, on Morro street, opposite the *Tribune* office. It is a beautiful location, and has a century old olive tree in front, just on the line of the street. To many people, this one tree would be worth a thousand dollars, placed in front of their residences. Mr. F. is one of the lucky mining operators of Cambria. His "Bonanza" is reported to have "panned out" forty thousand dollars for the lucky owner. May he live long to enjoy his well deserved success.

—After wading though filth knee deep and serving up exceedingly delectable report for numberless spectators possessed of the most purrient taste the trial of the Burtnett-Mullen-McElcarr adultery, fornication, conspiracy and bawdy house cases have came to an end in the Johnstown District Court, the result being the conviction on the charge of adultery of McElcarr, who has been sentenced to pay a fine of $30, costs of prosecution, and undergo thirty days' imprisonment in the county jail, the confession of guilt in the matter of fornication and mysterious disappearance of Lairra Mullen, the postponement until next term of the conspiracy suit, and the acquittal of Mrs. Burtnett on the charge of keeping a bowdy house, with the proviso hawever that she shall pay one-third the costs, Nimrod McElcarr, the prosecutor being held for the remaining two-thirds.

Cut this Out—*It May Save Your Life.*—There is no person living but what suffers more or less with Lung Disease, Coughs, Colds or Consumption, yet some would die rather than pay 75 cents for a bottle of medicine that would cure them. Dr. A. Boschee's German Syrup has lately been introduced in this country from Germany, and its wondrous cures astonish everyone that tries it. If you doubt what we say in print, cut this out and take it to your druggists, Lemon & Murray, Ebensburg, Pa., or Woleslagle & Son, Wilmore, Pa., and get a sample bottle for 10 cents and try it, or a regular size for 75 cents.

—Best prints, 10 cents per yard, at Stehley's.

Letter from Florida.

Doughville (Near Tallahassee), Fla., March 31, 1875.

Dear Sir: As you are doubtless aware, I came hither from Cambria county some time ago, for the benefit of my health. My physical system had become somewhat debilitated, by reason of hard work done in the traces of my political party during a period extending over many years.

Hearing that Florida was the Mecca of the played-out, as well as the sick and ailing, I concluded to try the virtues of her revivifying air and water—liquor ignored, so to speak. Premising that I am doing as well as could be expected, under the circumstances, having picked up strength enough during my stay here to enable me to raise a bogie-head with my teeth and drink ginger-pop out of the bung-hole, I will drop mere personalities, and give you a description of my trip and of the section of the country where I am now located—i. e., my trip, as it were, so to speak.

MY TRIP.

Owing to the fact that the sleighing in the Southern States is not good at this season of the year, or at any other, I was obliged per force to perform the journey by rail. There is a charm which attaches to gliding over the glassy surface in a bob-sled, at the rate of three or four miles an hour, which is more exhilerating than any other method of transportation, except it may be riding in a canal boat; and it was much against my will that I was deprived of that pleasure on this occasion. However, I will do justice to the railroad by saying that had it not been for it, I must have walked.

WASHINGTON.

The first point of importance at which I stopped was Washington City, the National Capital, you know. It is right at the Potomac river, and is sometimes called the "City of Magnificent Distances," because it is such a magnificent distance from the centre of the earth, ten miles north of Ebensburg, as well as from all other places of importance. Of course, my first business was to pay my respects to the

CHIEF MAGISTRATE OF THE NATION.

I found Mr. Grant the same man, bearing precisely the same name as when I saw him before, having grown neither longer nor shorter, thicker nor thinner. "Mr. President," I inquired, for I am a man not accustomed to mince matters, having for the major portion of my life lived in the primeval forest, like Cincinnatus and Daniel Webster; "Mr. President," I inquired, "what does all this palaver about the third term amount to?" His reply was manly and straight-forward: "When anybody asks you about this matter," said the President, "speak authoritatively," (here he placed one hand on the side of his mouth, and lowering his voice to a whisper), "and just tell 'em you don't know nothing about it." This ought to settle all controversy on the third term riddle.

INTERVIEW WITH JONES.

Jones, of Nevada, called on me at my rooms on Strawberry street, near the market-house. He wanted to get my views on the question of finance in advance of the arrival of Sharon, of the same State, who had not then got to the ear, and who wanted to set himself up as a leader on the same basis. I told Mr. Jones that I had always held that whenever a paper dollar was worth one hundred cents, the gold dollar should be left as it is; when it was worth seventy-five cents, the gold dollar should be shaved down one-fourth; when it was worth fifty cents, it should be cut in half, and so on. Here he left me by the hand, and enthusiastically remarked that I re-echoed his sentiments to a dot—that he was satisfied he had not lived in vain, since he had received my indorsement on a question of such vital importance. Death in any possible shape could now have no terrors for him; and as for Sharon, he could bore ahead with his idiotic financial schemes as much as he had a mind to, his goose being virtually cooked, without the stuffing.

I also saw and talked with quite a number of other "important personages," but the limits of one issue of your paper (which is a most valuable one, by the way, as it were, so to speak) would not contain a tithe of the valuable information I could give you. I therefore reserve further sketches in and about the Capital for other letters, and pass on to

RICHMOND.

Richmond is the capital of Virginia, and is about the size of Ebensburg, with Harrisburg and Johnstown tacked onto it. It attained prominence during the rebellion, from the fact that it was the capital of the Confederacy, and the place to which the immortal "J. N." directed his footsteps in the interests of peace, in the year of our Lord 1834. For full particulars of the rebellion and its several details, consult an historical work on the subject, which was writ by my friend Horace Greeley, since deceased, and which is for sale at all respectable book stores. Cham keeps them up there in Ebensburg. Jefferson Davis is not here now. Bearing the mark of traitor on his brow, he wanders restless, as it were, so to speak; but, then, it may be as well to remember that I wander, and wonder, too.

CHARLESTON, S. C.,

has not recovered from the effects of the war, and it may be added, if she never does I will be amongst the last to complain. The Legislature of South Carolina was in session while I was there. The majority of that body is composed of colored men and brethren—an element our population is not what of whose rights I have fought, bled and died all my life. When I cast a retrospective glance in the direction of a certain terminus of the underground railroad, I feel big. However, in the solemn words of the poet, "The leaves of memory seem to make a mournful rustling in the dark." Could my friend and fellow-citizen, Tom Knox, were he here, would be astounded at the dizzy elevation his race has attained, so to speak. A public reception would have been tendered me by the dusky Solons, had it not been for the fact that my visit chanced to be on a Friday—"hangman's day," you know, and also a day when the country legislators go home to eat "hog and hominy"—a dish which is not down on the bill of fare at the Spotswood House. Hominy colts only ten cents a pound here, whereas in Cambria county the ruling price is fifteen cents.

FLORIDA IS A WARM STATE.

But I must hurry on. Reluctantly shaking the soil of the Palmetto State from my fourteens, I took the broad-tread railroad, and, touching here and there (anent which I will write you again), I at length arrived at the point at which I stopped, and where I now sit writing from.

TALLAHASSEE

is the capital of Florida, if I am correctly informed. It is a trim little city, albeit it suffers under the disadvantage of not being located on so high a perch as the site of Munster. The inhabitants are energetic and hospitable, and chew nothing but native leaf tobacco. There is a splendid brass band here. It serenaded me the first evening after my arrival. The tune it played was old and familiar. It was, "Did you ever see the devil," etc. It brought tears to my eyes, and made me think of home and some of my late constituents.

DOUGHVILLE.

Doughville is about two miles east of Tallahassee, and is easily reached by means of a train of cars, which makes trips every ten minutes. It is precisely such a place as Cresson, except that Cresson has pure air, limpid waters and fine scenery; whereas Doughville has sandhills, muskeeters and alligators. Price of board per week in the best hotel, where I board, is ten dollars *in advance*, I having little or no baggage. This, of course, dosen't include medical attendance and cocktails, because one can't always tell how many of the latter he or she may desire or need.

GENERAL REMARKS.

As before stated, the space you will be able to allot me in your columns will not nearly suffice to enable me to tell you all I know about this country, although I have not been here very long. This being the case, I will bring this screed to a close by throwing in a few general remarks. The soil here is of such a nature that, if you tickle it with a hoe, it will bring forth an exceedingly abundant harvest. When the rains fall on it heavily, it becomes muddy, and sticks to one's boots; when the sun shines on it fiercely, it gets dry, turns to dust, and sticks to one's clothes—in both of which respects it closely resembles the soil of Cambria county, down about Wash. Lloyd's and Plattville, as it were. The air is generous and life-giving, and warranted to cure any disease named in the Materia Medica—the only exception. I am informed, being that it is impotent to make an amputated leg grow to its original proportions, provided the owner of said leg was twenty-one years old when the accident occurred, as it were.

A widow woman, well known in this neighborhood, informs me that Kennedy township is extremely virtuous. Since I received this information, and after a thorough investigation or canvas of the township, I find that there are no inhabitants in it, save and except the widow and her daughters. The old lady is intelligent, but afflicted with shortness of sight; in fact, she is almost entirely blind—at least, one of the daughters so informed me. They feel perfectly at home with their mother, however.

Yours, until further orders. Badinima.

Notice.—All persons are hereby notified that I have purchased at Sheriff's sale the following personal property, which I have left in care of James E. Neason, of Clearfield township, until I see fit to remove the same, to wit: One bay mare, one two-horse wagon, one two-horse sled, two sets of harness, one saddle, one bridle, one shingle machine, and the belting and gearing attached thereto.

April 16, 1875.-3t Jno. E. Scanlan.

EPILEPSY or FITS.

A SURE CURE for this distressing complaint is now made known in a Treatise (of 48 octavo pages) on Foreign and Native Herbal Preparations, published by Dr. O. Phelps Brown. The prescription was discovered by him in such a providential manner that he cannot conscientiously refuse to make it known, as it has cured everybody who has used it for Fits, never having failed in a single case. The ingredients may be obtained from any druggist. A copy sent free to all applicants by mail. Address Dr. O. Phelps Brown, 21 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

HOUSEKEEPERS

Your attention is invited to the

NEW STOCK of CARPETS

NOW OPEN FOR

INSPECTION AND SALE!

At the POPULAR STORE of

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

Nos. 113 and 115 CLINTON STREET,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

BRUSSELS, Tapestry, INGRAIN,

Girthing, Rag, Hall, Stair, &c.

CALL AND SEE THE

NEW JAPANESE PATTERNS.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE
—OF VALUABLE—
Coal and Timber Land.

By virtue of an *alias* order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria County, the undersigned will offer at Public Sale, at Lilly's Station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, on

MONDAY, MAY 3,

proximo, at TEN O'CLOCK, A. M., the following described real estate, to wit:

A PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND,

situate in Washington township, Cambria county, Pa., adjoining lands of the Cambria Mining and Manufacturing Company, heirs of Jeremiah McGonigle, and others, containing

Two Hundred and Ten Acres,

more or less, about fifteen acres cleared, having thereon erected three tenant houses. The land is well timbered, and underlaid with

THREE VEINS OF COAL.

A four-foot vein is opened, and the coal is of superior quality for manufacturing purposes. It is so located as regards dip and drainage that the coal can be taken out at comparatively little expense. A tram road connecting this land with the Pennsylvania Railroad was built by Otho Styner and the Mining and Manufacturing Company, at a cost of $7,000. The interest of the estate of Otho Styner, dec'd, in said tram road will be sold with the land, or separately.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third of the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by the judgment bonds and mortgage of the purchaser.

F. M. GEORGE,
JOSEPH CRISTE,
Executors of Otho Styner, dec'd.

Lilly's Station (Hemlock), April 16, 1875.

Sheriff's Sales.—By virtue of sundry writs of *Vend. Expon.* and *Fi. Fa.*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on Wednesday, the 5th day of May next, at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following real estate, to wit:

All the right, title and interest of T. M. Apple, of, in and to the following pieces or tracts of land, to-wit: A piece or parcel of land situate in White Township, Cambria county, adjoining lands warranted to Thomas Sanborn, John Martin, Henry Phillips, and others, containing 433 acres, more or less, unimproved. *Also*, a piece or parcel of land, situate in White Township, Cambria county, adjoining lands warranted to Simon Walker, James Thompson, Jacob Stineleiser, and others, containing 50 acres, more or less, unimproved. *Also*, a piece or parcel of land, situate in White Township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Daniel Hollen, land warranted to William Spade and others, containing 180 acres, more or less, about 40 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one and a half story plank house, and frame barn, now in the occupancy of T. M. Apple. *Also*, a piece or parcel of land, situate in White township, Cambria county, adjoining lands warranted to Wm. Spade, Levi Beers, Thomas Sanbourn, and others, containing 222 acres, more or less, about 30 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two-story plank house, frame stable and water sawmill, now in the occupancy of A. D. Flanagan. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Gates, Son & Co., Isaac Gates, and others.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Victor Voeghtly, of, in and to a piece or lot of ground, situate in the village of Summerhill, Croyle township, Cambria county, bounded by lot of Mrs. Mary Stineman on the south, Mrs. Elizabeth Patterson on the west, John Griffith on the north, and Township Road on the east—not now occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Jacob C. Stineman, executor of Jacob Stineman, deceased.

Also, all the right, title and interest of Victor Voeghtly and William Lloyd, *terre-tenant*, of, in and to a piece or lot of ground, situate in the village of Summerhill, Croyle township, Cambria county, adjoining lots of D. A. Burtwell, James Plummer, and others, having thereon erected a one and a half story frame house and frame stable, and now in the occupancy of James Fowler and A. H. Penrod. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Jacob P. Stull, Trustee to sell the real estate of Solomon Oster, dec'd.

Also, all the right, title and interest of John Fisher, garnishee, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land, situated in Carroll township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Robt. McCombie, John Buck, ——Cain, and others, containing 50 acres, more or less, about 30 acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a one-story plank house and board stable, now in the occupancy of John Fisher. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Burns & Smucker, and others.

TERMS OF SALE.—One-third the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, and the remaining two-thirds on confirmation of the deed. HERMAN BAUMER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, April 12, 1875.

Mountain HOUSE,

Corner Centre and High Sts.,

EBENSBURG, PA.

UNDER its new management, this well-known HOTEL solicits a continuance of public patronage. A limited number of

Summer Boarders

WILL BE RECEIVED.

ACCOMMODATIONS FIRST CLASS.

April 9, 1875.-2m. L. B. LINTON.

Dissolution.—Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the farming, lumbering and plaster lath business has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, Simon Elig retiring. The accounts of the firm are in the hands of Joseph Elig,

ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERIES.

A Limerick tobacconist looking delefully at his poor neighbors groping among the the smouldering ruins of his burned-out shop, noticed that some of them, after trying the contents of certain canisters, carefully loaded their waist-coat pockets from them. He followed suit, and found the snuff had come out of the fiery ordeal very much improved in pungency and aroma. Like a wise man he said nothing, but took another place, set up a lot of ovens, and before long Black Yard Snuff—otherwise "Irish Blackguard" was all the rage with lovers of nasal titillation; and in a few years Lundyfoot was a rich man, owing to the accident he thought had ruined him. A would-be alchemist, seeking to discover what mixture of earths would make the strongest crucibles, one day found he had made porcelain; he was on a sudden transformed from an alchemist into a potter. When one of Van Eyck's pictures cracked in the sunshine, the artist experimented to produce a varnish that would dry in the shade. He found what he sought, and found beside that by mixing it with his colors they acquired greater force and brilliancy, and required no subsequent varnishing; and so came about the discovery, or re-discovery, of the art of painting in oil. Mezzontinto owed its invention by Prince Rupert to the simple accident of a sentry's gun-barrel being rusted by the dew. Henry Schanward, a Nuremberg glass-cutter, happened to let some aqua-fortis fall upon his spectacles, and noticed the glass was corroded and softened where the aqua-fortis had touched it. Taking the hint, he made a liquid accordingly, drew some figures upon a piece of glass, covered them with varnish, and applied his corroding fluid, cut away the glass around his drawing, so that when he removed the varnish the figures appeared raised upon a dark ground, and etching upon glass was added to the ornamental arts. Alois Senefelder, playwright and actor, thinking it possible to etch upon stone in lieu of copper, polished a slab for the purpose. He was disturbed by his mother coming into his small laboratory with a request that he would jot down her list of things for the wash, as the woman was waiting to take the basket away. Lacking pen and ink, he scribbled the items on his stone with his etching preparation, that he might copy them at his leisure. Some time afterward, when about to clean the stone, he thought he might as well see what would be the effects of biting the stone with aqua-fortis, and in a few minutes saw the writing standing out in relief. Taking up a pelt-ball charged with printing ink, he inked the stone, took off a few impressions upon paper, and he had invented lithography. The pelt-ball used by Senefelder was long indispensable in a printing office. A Salopian printer, in a hurry to get on with a job, could not find his ball, and inked the form with a piece of soft glue that had fallen out of the glue-pot; with such excellent results that he thenceforth discarded the pelt-ball altogether, and by adding treacle to glue, to keep it from hardening, hit upon the composition of which printers' rollers have ever since been made. So much for happy accidents.

POSTAL PALACES ON WHEELS.

Three cars, styled the "Palace Drawing Room Postal Cars of New England," have just been completed at Alliston for the Boston and Albany Railroad Company. They are sixty feet in length, the longest on the road, are constructed of the choicest materials, are finished in hard-wood in natural colors, and are provided with all the modern improvements ingenuity could suggest. A large and novel lamp, manufactured by the company and having four burners and four large reflectors, is suspended from the roof of each car, giving ample light. About twenty feet in length of each car is partitioned as a store room for through mails, while the remaining space is divided into sections devoted to different purposes. The section in the middle is intended for letter sorting, another section is specially designed as a newspaper department, and still another section is used as a receptacle for bags, and is provided with racks, hooks, and other conveniencies for facilitating the making up of the mails. Each car is provided with water tanks and set bowls similar to those in palace passenger cars. In the letter department of each car are 470 boxes with wire netting bottoms, which prevent the accumulation of dust, while the newspaper department of each has 27 boxes, and the whole are labelled with the names of the postal stations, and the principal postal routes in the coun When leaving Boston, these cars each require four clerks or route agents, but when returning to Boston, only two clerks are requisite. These cars make runs of four hundred miles a day, but the postal clerks only run half that distance a day.

THE HOTTEST YET.

The water encountered in the main east drift on the 2,000 foot level of the Imperial Empire Mine is the hottest ever struck on the Comstock lode. It was carefully tested with two good thermometers, and the temperature was found to be 150½ degrees. This stream of water is but an inch or two in diameter. The temperature of the atmosphere in the drift was 115 degrees. Notwithstanding the hot air and hotter water, men are at work in the face of the drift. Going down by degrees as they are, our miners are becoming inured to the heat, and expect to be able to continue right on down to where the rocks are in a molten state without experiencing the slightest difficulty. At the Consolidated Virginia they are already making their calculations for pumping up the molten silver when they shall have followed the big bonanza down to a depth of about 7,600 feet.

It is a fact well established by statistics that about 104 or 105 boys are born to every 100 girls, yet at maturity the girls almost invariably outnumber the boys. A larger number of boys die than girls. This is doubtless owing to the fact that boys are more exposed to inclement weather, contagious diseases and accidents.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES
—TO—
CASH BUYERS
—AT THE—
Ebensburg House-Furnishing STORE

THE undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES TO CASH BUYERS on all goods in his line, consisting of

MOWING and REAPING MACHINES
AND OTHER FARMING IMPLEMENTS;
COOKING, PARLOR AND HEATING STOVES
of the most popular designs and of all styles, prices and qualities:
TINWARE OF EVERY DESCRIPTION!
of my own manufacture:
HARDWARE, ALL KIND!

such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Table Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Table and Tea Spoons, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Hammers, Axes, Hatchets, Boring Machines, Augurs, Chissels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh-Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax, Bristles, Clothes Washers and Wringers, Patent Churns and Patent Machines generally, Grind-Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Cast Steel Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, Horse Shoes and Nails, Old Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks Well and Cistern Pumps, &c., &c.;

Harness and Saddlery Ware
of all kind, in great variety:
WOOD and WILLOW WARE
beyond description:
CARBON OIL and OIL LAMPS,
Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil Rosin, Tar, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.; Silver-Plated Ware, Glassware, &c
Family Groceries,
such as Teas, Coffee, Sugars, Syrups Molasses Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Hominy Fish, Crackers, Rice, Pearl Barley, &c.
Tobacco and Cigars.
Paint, Varnish, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoes Stove, Dusting, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed-Cords, Manilla Ropes, and many other articles, at the *lowest rates for cash.*
HOUSE SPOUTING
made, painted and put up as cheap as possible FOR CASH. A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware by wholesale.
GEORGE HUNTLEY.
Ebensburg, July 25, 1873.-tf.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.
Cooking Stoves,
Heating Stoves.
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly-fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of
Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves
of the most approved designs.

SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.
Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

G. C. K. ZAHM,
—DEALER IN—
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS, GROCERIES,
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,
AND ALL OTHER GOODS USUALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.
WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE
TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.
Store on South Side of Main Street,
Ebensburg, Pa.

THE HOLIDAYS ARE OVER!
AS WE ALL KNOW, BUT THE
PRICES
At E. J. MILLS'
CHEAP CASH STORE,
Are not over, but rather under, those of any other dealer in
Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Hats and Caps
Boots, Shoes, Notions,
GROCERIES, FLOUR, FEED, GRAIN, &C.
In this "Neck o' Timber."

A complete and elegant assortment of new goods now in store will positively be sold at the closest margin. Country produce at the highest market prices taken in exchange for goods. Full satisfaction guaranteed to all buyers. Store on High street, near Centre street.

E. J. MILLS.
Ebensburg, Jan. 16, 1874.-tf.

EBENSBURG
BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.

Cigars and Tobaccos,
Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds, Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY,
July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS
JOHN D. THOMAS,
Boot and Shoe Maker

THE undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calf-skin boots to the coarsest brogans, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.
F. W. HAY & SON
Manufacturers,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
—DEALERS IN—
TIN, COPPER,
—AND—
Sheet-Iron WARES,
AND DEALERS IN
HEATING PARLOR and COOKING
STOVES,
Sheet Metals,
—AND—
HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.
Jobbing in
TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

W. D. M'CLELLAND.....JOHN HANNAN.
M'CLELLAND & CO.,
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
Fancy and Plain
FURNITURE!
AND CHAIRS.

We keep constantly on hand in great variety a full line of elegant
PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,
IN STYLES AND AT PRICES TO SUIT ALL CUSTOMERS
Having the most skillful workmen in the city, we are prepared to fill all orders for
OFFICE AND HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE!
IN PIECES OR SUITS,
At PRICES Below
Either Eastern or Western Manufacturers.
Wareroom, No. 81 FRANKLIN Street,
NEARLY OPPOSITE POST-OFFICE,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.
Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done.
All Furniture sent for and delivered in the city free of charge. [3-12,'74.-tf.]

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM
WM. P. PATTON,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
—ALL KINDS OF—
CABINET FURNITURE
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus,	Cane Chairs,
Bedsteads,	Wood Seat Chairs,
Washstands	Kitchen Furniture,
Sideboards,	Bed Lounges,
Chamber Sets,	Mattresses,
Parlor Sets,	Tete-a-Tetes,
Wardrobes,	Extension Tables,
Book Cases,	Dining Tables,
Lounges,	Cupboards.

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.
EVERY DESCRIPTION OF
SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE
made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and hairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.
Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

Andrew Moses,
TAILOR AND DRAPER,
CLINTON STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

A SAFE LIGHT
IT CANNOT BE EXPLODED.
ELAINE
THE FAMILY
SAFEGUARD
OIL.
Warden & Oxnard,
[2-12.] PITTSBURGH, PA. [6l.]

MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING

The attention of the Ladies of Ebensburg and vicinity is directed to the fact that MRS. R. E. JONES has just received an invoice of new and fashionable Millinery Goods, at her rooms in the East Ward, Ebensburg. Wedding Bonnets, Hats, etc., a specialty. Dressmaking promptly and neatly done. The patronage of the ladies is respectfully solicited. [6-1.'71.]

INTERESTING FACTS.

The organ of vision is considered the most delicate organization of the human frame; yet many who were born blind have been enabled to see by surgical operations, and the following is an interesting fact concerning one of that class:

A youth had become thirteen years of age, when his eyes were touched by a surgeon. He thought scarlet the most beautiful color; black was painful. He fancied every object touched him, and he could not distinguish by sight what he perfectly well knew by feeling; for instance, the cat and dog. When his second eye was touched, he remarked that the objects were not so large in appearance to this as the one opened at first. Pictures he considered only partly-colored surfaces, and a miniature absolutely astonished him, seeming to him like putting a bushel into a pint.

Stanley, the organist, and many blind musicians have been the best performers of their time; and a schoolmistress in England could discover that the boys were playing in a distant corner of the room, instead of studying, although a person using his eyes could not detect the slightest sound.

Prof. Sanderson, who was blind, could, in a few moments, tell how many persons were in a mixed company, and of each sex. A blind French lady could dance in figure dances, sew and thread her own needle. A blind man in Derbyshire, England, has actually been a surveyor and planner of roads, his ear guiding him as to distance as accurately as the eye to others; and the late Justice Fielding, who was blind, on walking into a room for the first time, after speaking a few words, said,

"This room is twenty-two feet long, eighteen wide, and twelve high," all of which was revealed to him with accuracy through the medium of the ear.

Verily, "we are fearfully and wonderfully made."

GERMAN FRUGALITY.

No stranger can reside in Germany for any length of time and form even a moderate acquaintance with the citizens without becoming impressed by the contentment, frugality and union usually reigning in the German domestic circle. The family of many a man doing a large business and moving in society of the highest respectability often occupy but one floor, and every room is furnished with great simplicity. One seldom observes a disposition to occupy a whole house. Just enough rooms to satisfy every requirement, and they are generally much smaller than Americans are accustomed to, are all that are desired. A man's business may increase every year, and yet he does not seem to be troubled with the thought of getting out of his modest apartments into larger ones, or buying a house for its entire occupation.

The disposition on the increase of wealth, to enter a more aristocratic circle, by buying a stately mansion on a fashionable street, beautifying it with costly furniture, giving great entertainments, and appearing every afternoon with a grand equipage, is not a part of the German's character. If he indulged in these luxuries on anything less than a fortune, the presumption is that either he or his wife has been to America.

The first thing a wealthy German thinks of, unless his tastes elevate him quite above material pleasures, is to store his cellar with wines of the oldest vintages, and to surround himself with an abundance of servants.

A LIFE-SAVING DREAM.

In the preface to one of Dickens' novels we find a statement to the effect that some of the incidents in his writings, which have an air of improbability are founded on fact, while other incidents, purely fictitious, are more easily believed. The deduction is, that in writing novels, you must leave out incredible facts. The following occurrence is so highly improbable that it serves as an example:

A heavy man, who had a good deal of strength in his arms, dreamed that his wife and himself were on a canal-boat, and that they were coming to a low bridge. It seemed to him that his wife, who was a very obstinate woman, declined to go below, and in order to prevent her from having her head knocked off by the bridge, he thought in his dream that, to save her life, he must force her into the lower cabin. He was awakened by the sound of groans issuing from under the bed, and found that in his dream he had forced his wife under the bed, and broken her nose.

This incident is worthy of note, as showing that we ought not to display too much doubt when an occurrence seems to be improbable. The nose can be produced as evidence.

STARCH.

According to the census of 1870, about six million dollars' worth of starch was manufactured in the United States. About one-twelfth, or half a million's worth, was in New Hampshire. Coos County takes the lead of all other counties in the State in the manufacture of this article. The farmers in the Northwest part of this state, in the Connecticut Valley, are becoming rich by raising potatoes for the factories. They get forty cents a bushel for them at the factories. The variety they raise is the California potato. Of these they produce from 350 to 400 bushels to the acre. One man this year has raised twenty thousand bushels; another has raised ten thousand. It takes 225 bushels of potatoes to make one ton of starch. The factories make one to three tons a day, according to capacity, and it takes from three to five men to run a factory. Starch is worth about $160 a ton.

INSIDE of the hat of a chicken thief recently arrested in Detroit were found pasted the following maxims: "Remember that truth is a jewel; do not covet; respect old age; be content with what you have; live that men will take your character as an example." In consideration of the excellent principles governing the man's life the Judge kindly allowed him to retain the printed slip containing them during his year's sojourn in the penitentiary

BUY YOUR MUSICAL GOODS AT
KNAKE & McGINN'S,
Importers, Manufacturers, and Dealers in all kinds of
MUSICAL MERCHANDISE!
MANUFACTURERS OF THE CELEBRATED
KNAKE & McGINN PIANO, AND THE PHILHARMONIC ORGAN.
GENERAL WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR THE
PATENT ARION PIANO.

Dealers in Distin & Co.'s (London), Besson (London), Saxe (Paris), Piston Valve, and our own make of Rotary Valve BAND INSTRUMENTS. The best and freshest Strings for all Instruments constantly on hand.

Being PUBLISHERS of SHEET MUSIC, we make this branch a specialty, and always keep a full stock of the latest and best pieces on hand. Our stock of music books of all kinds is complete.
PIANOS AND ORGANS SOLD ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN.
OLD INSTRUMENTS TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.
Clergymen, Principals of Seminaries, Leaders of Bands, Teachers, and all wishing to purchase Musical Goods, will find it to their interest to communicate directly with us.
Catalogues and Price Lists furnished free on application.

WAREROOMS, No. 12 Sixth Street, (Late St. Clair.)
[1-29.-1y.] PITTSBURCH, PA.

C. ARBUTHNOT. W. T. SHANNON. J. G. STEPHENSON.
ARBUTHNOT, SHANNON & CO.,
Nos. 239 and 241 Liberty St.,
PITTSBURGH,
OFFER THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK OF
DRY GOODS & NOTIONS!
Complete in all Departments, Exclusively Wholesale,
AT BOTTOM EASTERN PRICES.
NEW GOODS OPENED EVERY DAY. ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED. BUYERS [2-5.] WILL FIND IT TO THEIR ADVANTAGE TO CALL. [3m.]

PRICES REDUCED
AT THE WHOLESALE
BOOT AND SHOE HOUSE
OF
GILL & BROTHER,
253 LIBERTY STREET, PITTSBURGH,
To which we invite the attention of the Trade.

With the opening of another spring we announce the receipt of a complete assortment of Spring Goods, WOMAN'S, MISSES', and CHILDREN'S. MEN'S, BOYS', and YOUTHS' BOOTS, SHOES, and BROGANS.
Congress Gaiters, Alexis, Oxford, and Jersey Ties and Fine Calf Boots.
Miners' Nailed Shoes, Rubber Goods, &c.
Also a large stock of CITY-MADE GOODS, Goat, Morocco, and Lasting.
Bottom Prices. Orders promptly attended to. [March 26.-3m.]

THE TIMES.
A FIRST-CLASS NEWSPAPER.
Daily and Weekly.
Independent in Everything! Neutral in Nothing!
Opposed to all Corrupt Rings in Municipal, State and National Affairs.

The DAILY TIMES
will be issued on Saturday, the 13th of March, 1875, and every morning thereafter, Sundays excepted, under the editorial direction of A. K. M'Clure, printed compactly from clear, new type, on a large folio sheet, containing all the news of the day, including the Associated Press Telegrams. Special Telegrams and Correspondence from all points of interest, and fearless editorial discussions of all current topics. Price, TWO CENTS.
Mail subscriptions, *postage free*, Six Dollars per annum, or FIFTY CENTS per month, in advance.

The Weekly TIMES
will be issued on Saturday, March 20th, and weekly thereafter, containing all important news of the week and complete Market and Financial Reports.
Mailed for one year, *postage free*, at the following rates:

ONE COPY	$ 1 00
TEN COPIES	9 00
TWENTY COPIES	16 00

Remittances should be made by Drafts or Post Office Orders. Address THE TIMES,
No. 14 South Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

A LITTLE CONFAB
—ABOUT THE—
Singer Sewing Machine
And Where to Buy It.

COUNTRYMAN—See here, neighbor, can you tell me where I can buy the sewing machine people talk so much about?
CITIZEN OF EBENSBURG—Yes, with pleasure. I presume it is the Singer Sewing Machine that you mean.
C.—Yes, that's the name of it.
C. OF E.—Well, just down there, two doors east of Zahm's store, is the place, and my word for it you will be well pleased with your purchase if you invest in one of those machines. Messrs. BAILEY & TATE, the agents, have now on hand all styles and sizes of these indispensable machines, from the cheapest to the most valuable, and are accommodating gentlemen who will be pleased to show you the ins and outs of their various machines, whether you desire to buy or not. They also keep thread, needles and all the other paraphrenalia of a sewing machine, and are at all times prepared to attend to the repairing of machines in a substantial and satisfactory manner, and at very moderate rates. Don't forget the place—High street, two doors east of Zahm's store, Ebensburg [4-24.-tf.]

G. W. YEAGER & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Manufacturers of
TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE,
AND DEALERS IN
Heating, Parlor and Cooking Stoves,
No. 1402 Eleventh Avenue,
Altoona, Pa.

ROOFING and SPOUTING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material.
Orders respectfully solicited and promptly attended to, and polite attention accorded to all, whether they purchase or not.
Altoona, Sept. 5, 1873.-tf.

Parke's Marble Works,
139 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and execution of work.
Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try us.
Oct. 24.-m.* JOHN PARKE.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!
131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.
JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.

MONUMENTS, HEAD AND TOMB STONES, COUNTER AND CABINET SLABS, AND TELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.
Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '71.-tf.]

10,000 AGENTS WANTED.
MY AGENTS clear from $3.00 to $20.00 per day selling my Chromos. Send $1.00 for 10 samples, size 8 x 10 inches. Also, larger sizes at popular prices. Send for price list and terms to Agents. E. P. ROHBACH,
April 2, 1875.*3t. SELINSGROVE, PA.

A CARD.
EBENSBURG WOOLEN FACTORY.

AS interested parties have been reporting in the northern part of this county that our rates for manufacturing Woolen Goods, &c., are much higher than they really are we deem it necessary for our own protection and for the information of the public to publish the following
LIST OF PRICES.

Blankets	3.50 per p air.
Flannels	30 and 35 cts. per yard.
Cassimeres	50 cts. per yard.
Satinetts	50 cts. per yard.
Carding and Spinning	20 cts. per lb.
Carding	7 " "

T. M. JONES & SONS,
July 18, 1873.-tf. Ebensburg Wooten Factory.

CRAWFORD HOUSE,
EBENSBURG, PA.
John Fitzharris, - Proprietor.

HAVING leased and refurnished the above well known and popular hotel, the proprietor is now amply prepared to accommodate all who may favor him with their patronage. The best that the market affords will be served at the Table at all seasons, the Bar will be kept constantly supplied with the choicest liquors, and the commodious Stable will be under the charge of a careful and attentive hostler. No effort will be spared to render guests comfortable and well pleased in every particular, and by proper attention to business and a moderate scale of prices the proprietor hopes to win his way to public favor. (May 2, 1873.-tf.]

COLLINS, JOHNSTON & CO.,
BANKERS,
Ebensburg, Pa.

WILL receive money on deposit, discount and collect notes, and attend to all the business usually done by Bankers.
Sept.20.tf. JAS. B. ZAHM, Cashier.

COAL! COAL!!—The subscriber is prepared to furnish, in large or small quantities, all qualities of ANTHRACITE and BITUMINOUS COAL, at lowest market rates. Coal delivered promptly and free of charge for hauling at any point in Ebensburg or vicinity Orders left at the ZAHM Stores will receive earnest attention. DANIEL H. ZAHM.

E. H. PLANK, M. D., respectfully offers his professional services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity. Office adjoining residence and immediately in the rear of Hon. R. J. Lloyd's drug store. Night calls can be made at the residence of Mrs. Bunn, on Crawford street, Ebensburg. [4-24.-tf.]

M. J. BUCK, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.
Office in rear of John Buck's store. Night calls may be made at the residence of JOHN BUCK, Esq. [April 4, 1873.-tf.]

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office on High street, nearly opposite Blair's Hotel. Residence in Town Hall, Julian street, where night calls should be made [4-4.-tf.]

LLOYD & CO., BANKERS,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

WM. M. LLOYD & CO,
BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA.
Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Monies received on deposit, payable on demand without interest, or on time with interest at fair rates.

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [10-14.tf.]

P. A. SHOEMAKER,.....WM. R. SECHLER.
SHOEMAKER & SECHLER,
Attorneys-at-Law,
[9-1.] EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA. [tf.]

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [aug.27.'72.]

J. GALLITZIN LAKE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office with Register and Recorder, in Court House.

A TRAGEDY OF THE SEA.

The British ship Euxine, bound from North Shields for Aden, was destroyed by fire in the South Atlantic, in August last. The crew took to the boats, which soon separated from each other. The occupants of one boat lost all their provisions and water, and, after enduring the pangs of hunger for some time, drew lots to decide which of them should be killed to preserve the lives of his companions. The lot fell upon an Italian sailor, who was killed and eaten. Only a few hours afterward the other boats were picked up by the Dutch ship Java and the British ship *Native Handelsblad* of Dordrecht, which says:

For several days they had eaten nothing and had endeavored to quench their thirst with sea water, so that one of them, who was exhausted, strove to stab himself in despair. He was, however, restrained by the others, who proposed that, considering the circumstances, it should be decided by lot that one of the six should be the first victim to relieve his comrades for a while from the pangs of hunger. In conformity with this proposal, pieces of wood of varying length were cut, the mate held them in his hand, and each of the men drew out one; he who drew the longest was to fall. Francis Stella, an Italian, was the unfortunate victim selected for it. Meekly and without a murmur he submitted, and so he gave up the ghost under the knife of his fellows. Some hours afterward, and before they had just commenced their horrible meal, a sail was sighted on the horizon, whither their course was immediately shaped.

On the evening of the same day, during the five rescued persons, completely exhausted, reached the deck of the Java. The captain and his subordinates immediately did all they could, by unremitting treatment to make the five unfortunates forget, as much as possible, how they were brought here, naturally deeming of everything, and are living in a well-lodging house of a large city. The remaining comrades in the two other boats have, according to Lloyd's telegram, reached safe at Helena without accident.

A PLEA FOR FLIRTS.

In a certain sense all attractive females are flirts. Remembering that flirting is playing at being in love, I shall undertake without fear of contradiction, that every woman whose attractions will permit her to choose her husband, and who is not compelled to snap at the first chance, like a hungry dog at a bone, begins to play this game from her earliest years. In one manner, pray, is a young female to acquire any knowledge of the men who are seeking to engage her affections? She understands perfectly well that marriage is the end and aim of feminine existence. Nine eighty-two per cent. of her sisters become wives and mothers, and that of the eighteen per cent. who remain single almost are unhappy at their lot. Hence, even before a girl begins to attract the attention of gentlemen, her dreams of the future have all turned in this direction. She thought for years of the delight of having a beau, long before that beau comes. When he does arrive, if she is a sensible person, she will endeavour to learn something of his disposition, temper, and character. And how can she do this save by flirtation? She may have been favorably impressed at first, but as, under the influence of the game, the man shows himself as he really is, as his minute grain appears under the varnish of manner and society politeness, she may have just cause to think less kindly of him. But he, too, has a measureless self-esteem, makes love at first and more fervidly, until with the flirt he becomes downright earnest. He proposes and is rejected, and goes round everywhere swearing that that girl is the most consummate flirt that ever existed. But does she speak the truth? Is she not right in being careful to look before she leaps? Good people, do not judge her too harshly because she is hard to please

A ROMANTIC GANG OF ROBBERS.

The Paris police have just captured a romantic gang of robbers. They are women who habitually passed as men, and wore blouse and trowsers, sought what they could devour. The band was well organized, and had long pursued its career triumphantly. A certain Annette Roux, or Troppmann, was the chief, and to her business the society owed its origin. These all lived together, but they dwelt within short distance of each other, all on the road to d'Asnieres. Three are married. The long immunity they have enjoyed is due in part to their habit of disguise, and partly to a salutary rule which forbade them to "operate" in Paris itself. There is poor rich outside the fortifications, and not to tithe so much of danger. So things went on satisfactorily with Troppmann and company until it happened to Mlle. Poillu, or Madame Henri, to fall in love. She fell very deep, indeed, and the object of her young affections was Alfred Robert, a man, who squinted, but was in other respects an Apollo. Like King Glyco, a classic memory, Mlle. Poillu could not resist the delight of showing her treasure to a previous rivals, and she presented her charming carman to Mlle. Sclafer, *alias* Bismarck. Soon was this confidence regretted. Base suspicions of her friend arose. One day the rival ladies concluded it was time to betake themselves to action. They drew large knives and hacked each other, while Mlle. Robert looked on like Baal. The police ran in, the ladies were arrested, and in their wrath they denounced each other and the band. All six are committed for trial.

It is related by Dr. Scudder that on his return home from his mission in India, after a long absence, he was standing on the deck of a steamer with his son, a youth, when he heard a gentleman using loud and profane language. "See friend," said the doctor, accosting the swearer, "this boy, my son, was born and brought up in a heathen country, and a land of pagan idolatry; but in all his life he never heard a man blaspheme his maker until now." The man colored, blurted out an apology, and looked a little ashamed of himself.